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CANDIDATES. Candidates desirous of being examined at Reigate must apply to one of the Local Secretaries—the Rev. J. C. Wynter, Reigate, or Thomas Hart, Esq., Reigate—on or before the 30th April, 1859, after which date no names can be received at Reigate. Every candidate at the Junior Examination will be required to pay a fee of 15s. Every candidate at the Senior Examination will be required to pay a fee of 30s. N.B.—These fees must be paid to the Local Treasurer, George Baker, Esq., Reigate, or to the London and County Bank there, to his account as Treasurer, before 1st May, 1859. Persons desirous of obtaining information as to the Examination or the local arrangements are requested to apply to the Local Secretaries.—J. CECIL WYNTER, Local Secretary. THO. HART, Local Secretary. Reigate, Dec. 27, 1858.

THE MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON. Council: Alfred Mellon, Bernard Molique, Frank Mori, Geo. Alex. Osborne, J. D. Pawle, Ed. F. Rimbault, LL.D., F.S.A., Charles Salaman, Augustine Sargood, Henry Smart. FOUR ORCHESTRAL and CHORAL CONCERTS will take place at ST. JAMES'S HALL, on WEDNESDAY Evenings, January 26, February 23, March 30, and May 4, to commence at half-past 8 o'clock. Conductor, Mr. Alfred Mellon. Subscribers' Tickets for the Series (to be obtained only on the nomination of Fellows or Associates), One Guinea; extra subscription for a numbered stall, half a guinea. Single Tickets: Numbered stalls in the apex and balcony, half a guinea; unreserved seats in ditto, 7s.; back of area and upper gallery, 2s. 6d. Application for tickets to be made to Cramer and Co., 201, Regent-street.

CHAS. SALAMAN, Hon. Sec.

GEOLOGY.—King's College, London.—PROFESSOR TENNANT, F.R.S., will COMMENCE a COURSE of LECTURES on GEOLOGY on FRIDAY MORNING, January 23, at Nine o'clock. They will be continued on each succeeding Wednesday and Friday, at the same hour.

KING'S COLLEGE HOSPITAL, Port-fugal-street, Lincoln's-inn. Supported entirely by voluntary contributions. Upwards of 27,000 patients relieved annually. At this season sickness is unusually prevalent; the funds of the Hospital are very low, and ASSISTANCE is urgently needed.—Donations of old linen earnestly solicited. JAMES S. BLYTH, Sec.

ROYAL MEDICAL BENEVOLENT COLLEGE, Epsom.—The Council have the pleasure to announce that the Right Hon. Lord STAMLEY, M.P., has kindly consented to take the chair at the SEVENTH ANNUAL FESTIVAL of the College, which will take place at the LONDON TAVERN on WEDNESDAY, the 6th of APRIL next, when it is earnestly hoped that there will be a large meeting of the friends of the institution. Gentlemen who are willing to fill the office of Steward on the occasion are requested to forward their names to the Treasurer, JOHN PROBERT, Esq., 6, New Cavendish-street; or the Secretary, at the office of the College, 37, Soho-square, W. A first list of Stewards will be advertised shortly. There is no liability attached to the office. By order of the Council, ROBERT FREEMAN, Secretary. HERBERT WILLIAMS, Assistant-Secretary. 37, Soho-square, London, Jan. 5, 1859.

ROYAL INSTITUTION OF GREAT BRITAIN, Albemarle-street.—The WEEKLY EVENING MEETINGS of the Members of the Royal Institution will COMMENCE for the Season on FRIDAY, the 28th of January, 1859, at half-past 8 o'clock, and will be continued on each succeeding Friday Evening, at the same hour.

ARRANGEMENT OF THE LECTURES BEFORE EASTER. TWELVE LECTURES on FOSSIL MAMMALS.—By Richard Owen, Esq., D.C.L., F.R.S., Fullerton Professor of Zoology, R.I. To commence on Tuesday, January 28th, at 8 o'clock, and to be continued on each succeeding Tuesday, at the same hour.

TWELVE LECTURES on the FORCE OF GRAVITY.—By John Tyndall, Esq., F.R.S., Professor of Natural Philosophy, R.I. To commence on Thursday, January 27th, at 8 o'clock, and to be continued on each succeeding Thursday, at the same hour.

NINE LECTURES on ORGANIC CHEMISTRY.—By W. A. Miller, M.D., F.R.S., Professor of Chemistry at King's College, London. To commence on Saturday, January 29th, at 3 o'clock, and to be continued on each succeeding Saturday, at the same hour. Subscribers to the Lectures are admitted on payment of Two Guineas for the Season, or One Guinea for a Single Course. A Syllabus may be obtained at the Royal Institution. JOHN BARLOW, M.A., V.P. and Sec. R.I. January 15, 1859.

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CAUTION—LORD BYRON'S WORKS. MR. MURRAY begs to call the attention of Booksellers, News Agents, &c., to the following statement, which appears in consequence of his having refrained from taking legal proceedings against Mr. Henry Lea, 22, Warwick-lane, Paternoster-row. Albemarle-street, Jan. 1859.

"The announcement by me of the publication of a Complete Edition of Byron's Works Illustrated, was founded on a mistake, as I find that, owing to the Copyright held by Mr. MURRAY in a portion of those works, he alone can publish a Complete Edition. My announced Publication will therefore be a New Edition of the Illustrated Byron, comprising only those works of Lord Byron in which no Copyright exists. On January 31st will be published, to be continued Monthly, and completed in Nine Parts, 8vo. price 1s. each.

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THE CRITIC.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1859.

THE COMMITTEE of the Dramatic College having contrived, by what may be termed an ingenious complexity of bad management, to get their scheme into bad report, it is to be hoped that they will not further prejudice what might be converted into a very benevolent act, by persevering in their present plans. It is a singular compliment to the merits of Mr. DODD's case, that every influential organ of the press that has pronounced an opinion, has done so in his favour, and that in spite of the strong feeling which undoubtedly existed against him before the appearance of his straightforward statement of facts. Our excellent contemporary the *Leader*, treating the subject with its wonted acumen, humorously introduces a figure borrowed from that profession to which the dispute should be most interesting. "They (the Committee) determined to have a pantaloons in the Company, and accordingly cast DODD for the part. But when he demurred to being eased of his possessions with the usual placidity of that much-put-upon personage, they abused him for not playing fairly, threw the loaves and fishes at his head, and hustled him off the stage as an impostor." But not only has the press taken up the matter very warmly on behalf of Mr. DODD; we have reason to know that, not only are many subscribers to the fund dissatisfied with the conduct of the Committee, but that persons who had intended to subscribe have been deterred from doing so by such damnatory proof of mismanagement. The letter which appears elsewhere in our columns, and which is from a pen well known in connection with theatrical matters, represents, we believe, the opinion of a large majority of those who are capable of forming one.

But beyond all this there is a question which even exceeds in importance the ill-usage of Mr. DODD and the right of the Committee to ignore his invention of the idea which they represent—and that is whether it is desirable to persist in that part of the scheme which consigns these superannuated actors and actresses to a locality more or less distant from London. It is all very well to take a high moral ground, and to talk about removing these old people out of the reach of temptation; better take a practical one, and ask ourselves how we should like to be transplanted in our old age from the scenes with which we have grown familiar. What consolation will it be for an old man, who has used himself to gaslights and his quiet pipe in his favourite tavern, until these matters have become second nature to him, to take him away into the country and when he is weary of his life ask him to look upon the spot where MILTON probably read "Paradise Lost" to Mr. ELWOOD? What charity is there in making people miserable? Who can doubt that to tear up old people by the roots from the soil in which they have grown and transplant them suddenly would be to render them intensely miserable? Let us hope that the Committee will pause before they are guilty of such cruelty as this. How does it happen that decayed literary men, even those who have once held a respectable standing, avail themselves of the refuge of the Charter-house? Simply because it is in London; because they are not violently torn away from all their old haunts and associations. Were it otherwise, we believe that there are many who would rather starve than accept a benevolence saddled with such cruel conditions. Not even Colonel NEWCOME would have sought its shelter had he not been within easy walking distance of CLIVE and "boy."

But there is another proposition more monstrous even than that of fixing the site in a neighbourhood hallowed by the memory of the divine MILTON, and that is to build the College next door to the Working Necropolis. Here is a prospect for the poor old actor in the fall of his life! He has but to look across the road to see his final resting place. His grave is there for him, and it is but a few yards to walk into it. Perhaps, too, the Burying Company would consent to some arrangement to allow the Collegians to come up to town in the empty hearses. Or they might even find employment for the old histrios—such as were able-bodied as the grave-diggers (not in "Hamlet"), and the rest as mutes. This would, indeed, be kindness, for it would, at least, be giving them something to do, which the proposition to remove them far away from all old friends and associations certainly does not include.

LITTLE is talked of this week but the Burns Centenary Anniversary, to be celebrated next Tuesday over the whole of the United Kingdom and in the Colonies, and in America into the bargain. Judging from the information we have received, as to the preparations made, we have no doubt that most of these solemnities will be worthy of the occasion. Whether Glasgow, or Edinburgh, or Ayr, or Dumfries will be the most successful it would be difficult to predict; probably an equal amount of enthusiasm and joviality will be manifested at each. The Caledonian Society of London will also celebrate, and will do it well. It is, however, with regard to the solemnities at the Crystal Palace that we are especially anxious. Let us hope that here, at any rate, the memory of the bard will not be put to shame. Let him, at least, be kept quite distinct from the monster twelfth-cake, the plum pudding, the gorilla, the mudfish, and all the other monsters for which this popular exhibition is becoming noted. Speculation is already rife as to the ceremonies with which the fortunate bard—

chosen of six hundred—will be proclaimed and crowned. It is even said that a sort of revival of the Olympic games will be attempted, and that one of the directors, inspired with classic fury, will don the robes of ancient Greece, and appear as judge of the games; it is even hinted that the fortunate bard is to be crowned with laurel, after pocketing his more modern fifty-pound note and reciting his verses to the populace. Should the lot fall upon Professor AYTOON (as has been very generally hinted), we question whether such a proceeding would be to the learned Professor's taste—albeit his presence in Edinburgh on that day will certainly save him from the infliction. There is a variety of reports, more or less absurd, as to the merit of the poems submitted to the judges. In the first place, we utterly disbelieve that Professor AYTOON, or any man of similar position, has condescended to enter into the competition. It seems very likely that the rumour arose from nothing but a guess arising from the Professor's refusal to act as a judge, whence it was sagaciously concluded that he must be a candidate. In the next place we do not believe that the judges have recommended the publication of twenty of the rejected poems. Room for a pendant to the "Rejected Addresses," by HORACE and JAMES SMITH, there may be, and we hope that some of our comic writers will not let the opportunity slip by.

The profession of the Press ought to feel very deeply indebted to Mr. BERESFORD HOPE for his very able letter in the *Saturday Review*, defending the character of their profession, and suggesting a means of raising it to a level with what he terms "the inside professions." It may be that some of his premises may be objected to—especially when (talking of average incomes) he speaks of the average income of a clergyman or a barrister as 1000*l.* per annum. Perhaps a fifth of that sum would be nearer the truth as regards both Church, and Bar, and Press. This, however, is but a minor matter. As for the social status of the Press, that is a matter which lies entirely within the power of its members. Men of ability, probity, and character are valued, whatever may be their business, and mere talent without the counterbalance of some moral qualities goes for nothing in earning the respect of the world. It is true that at present the profession of the Press is in a somewhat anomalous position; and so it must remain until it has become more developed and established than it is now. Until that time arrives, the position of each man must depend entirely upon his own character.

MR. CORDEN is at present engaged in translating the recent work of his friend the eminent economist, M. MICHEL CHEVALLIER, on the "Gold Discoveries," and the effects of the great importations of gold during the last ten years upon the monetary systems of Europe. M. CHEVALLIER's work has already attracted much attention among Continental economists. The translation will, we believe, be accompanied by a preface and notes showing the particular application of M. CHEVALLIER's facts and conclusions to the English system. We regret to say that domestic afflictions of a very distressing character have for some time compelled Mr. CORDEN to remain at Midhurst. Grief for the loss of their only son about two years ago, is believed to have been the cause of a still greater calamity in the person of Mrs. CORDEN, who has been since this period suffering from mental derangement. Mr. CORDEN is not a public man of that modern class who are in the habit of taking the public into confidence upon their domestic affairs; but his retirement from the world in these stirring political times has, we believe, done some injury to his reputation among those of his friends who are not aware of these unhappy circumstances.

MENTION of the Crystal Palace reminds us that the poll of the shareholders as to the question of opening the Palace and grounds to themselves on Sundays, has resulted in an overwhelming majority in favour of the opening. It is a striking fact that, although only about 2000 of the shareholders reside in London, many country proprietors voted with the directors, and the majority was about 15,000. It must be remembered, however, that this is a very different thing from opening the Palace to the public for money. Before that can be done, a new charter will probably have to be sought for.

It is an ominous symptom for the expensive section of the daily press that the *Daily News*, certainly one of the ablest and best conducted papers that ever appeared, is voluntarily joining the ranks of the cheap press. Giving way to the force of circumstances, it will shortly lower its price to twopence. Whether there is any half measure between the penny and the fourpence remains to be seen; at any rate the fact is an important one to its companions and pregnant with significance for the future.

It will be pleasant news to old readers of the weekly journals to hear that the veteran LEIGH HUNT is once more wielding his pen—not in the *Examiner*, but in the *Spectator*, a property in which his son, Mr. THORNTON HUNT, is said to be largely interested. Mr. LEIGH HUNT commenced last week a series of papers called "The Occasional," and very fitly so named, because they treat of all things and of certain others. Judging from the specimen which has appeared, it is intended to be a pleasant, gossiping, discursive series of essays, and some speculations and anecdotes relative to the journey of the PRINCE OF WALES to Rome have been widely quoted.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

MR. STAUNTON'S SHAKSPEARE.

The Plays of Shakspeare. Edited by HOWARD STAUNTON. The Illustrations by JOHN GILBERT. Vol. II. London: Routledge and Co.

RETIRING FROM A FIELD, the value of triumphs in which we are from our ignorance of chess not at all competent to estimate, Mr. Staunton seems destined to eclipse his former triumphs in regions with which we are somewhat more familiar. Shakspeare is the catholic poet of humanity; but it is as a great Englishman that he will ever be chiefly interesting to the mass of Englishmen. The first, the indispensable qualification, therefore, for an editor of Shakspeare is that he should be a thorough Englishman; and such we believe Mr. Staunton to be. Shakspeare has been smothered under huge heaps of pedantries, and critics and commentators have been more ambitious to say brilliant and ingenious things regarding him than to discover what he was, what he uttered, what was the nature, what the worth, of his miraculous gifts to mankind. It has been thought that no one has a right to approach Shakspeare's stupendous productions who cannot propose a thousand new and absurd changes in the text, or who cannot surpass his predecessors in subtlety of conjecture and in eloquent rhapsody. What it herein, as in matters deeper and diviner, a certain childlike simplicity, a certain manly directness, a certain brotherly affection, were better priests and interpreters than the proudest intellectual endowments! Shakspeare is no god gleaming on us through a mythical mist. If the chronicles of his career are scanty, they at least exclude fable. We cannot make him a hero, for hero he was not. He was a prosperous player and miscellaneous good fellow, neither nobler nor more vicious than the miscellaneous good fellows of his time: obviously the very last mortal we should be tempted to rush into ecstasies about. Nay, who would have been so prompt and prodigal as himself to laugh at our hysterical demonstrations of worship? He would have cut our extravagances short by asking us to taste a cup of ale with him at the George Inn, in the Borough. Shakspeare's genius had so much its root and life in his geniality that only through rich and overflowing congeniality can we draw near as successful students to his genius.

It is unfortunate for Shakspeare that his works began to attract notice in an age which had little in common with the grand age of Elizabeth. The eighteenth century thought too highly of itself and its doings; and now we are in the habit of underrating both it and them. It could not, as regards England, be called a century of religious indifference, for it gave birth to Methodism. But the charge of poetical barrenness which has so frequently been brought against it, cannot be denied. The lyrical cry of a Scottish peasant's anguish, the wild bound of German literature from its long, inglorious slumber, and the volcanic upheaval, the tragic wail of infuriate France, threw a gorgeousness almost sublimer than poetry on the century's dying years. How arid and prosaic, however, were the years which had gone before! No green spot, no balmy herb, no beautiful and bounteous tree visible in the wilderness, except perhaps James Thomson's poems. Yet a generation without passion, without fancy, without originality,—a generation divorced from nature, ventured to deal with Earth's two foremost poets—Homer and Shakspeare. Pope translated Homer, and may be said to have given the first impulse to Shakspeare criticism. And on, through Johnson and many more, the impulse passed quickening the brain, but not enlarging or enriching the heart of England. From the outbreak of the French Revolution to the death of Scott, English literature was nearly as fruitful and noble as in Elizabeth's reign. There was the same robust health, the same radiant and opulent manifoldness. Shakspeare was at last appreciated; but he could not all at once outgrow the effect of Johnsonian fossilising, though Coleridge, Hazlitt, and the like have done their best.

Happily long before criticism had been renewed in England it had been wondrously transfigured in Germany—as the works of Winckelmann, Lessing, and Herder still survive to testify—works as worthy to be read now as when they were written. Germany has taken Shakspeare to its deepest soul. England thinks it loves him well because it multiplies editions of his plays; but it only believes that it loves him; the genuine affection of the whole people has yet to spring up—has yet to gush abundantly forth. Shakspeare was of the people, and he produced his plays to be represented to the people. He was wiser than philosophy by not being a philosopher, just as proverbs contain a pregnant truth which we do not find in the books of the sages. There may be things in Shakspeare which the understanding of the people cannot discern; but there is nothing which the divine instincts in the bosom of the people cannot swiftly seize. We do Shakspeare signal injustice when we strive to discover in him profound metaphysical systems, and talk regarding him in a preposterous metaphysical jargon. This is not the real Shakspeare any more than the Bible as distorted by fanatics is the real Bible. The real Shakspeare unveils to us a frank human countenance with traces of melancholy, but not wrinkled by thought.

That countenance Mr. Staunton invites us to gaze upon, not in any elaborate or bombastical harangues, but in brief, unpretending, and cordial speech. If we may judge from the two volumes already published, Mr. Staunton's edition will be the most popular that has yet appeared—taking popularity both in the bookseller's sense and in a sense much more generous and comprehensive. He has emancipated Shakspeare from the closet of the scholar, and restored him to his legitimate throne as poet of the people. Yet doth he not spurn or despise the scholar, reject his companionship, or sneer at his delight. On the contrary, Mr. Staunton is grateful for hints and helps, come from what quarter they may. And this of itself would distinguish him from other editors, that, according to the golden rule of Cicero, he strives to injure no man while attributing to each man that which each man can honestly claim. The first requisite for an editor of Shakspeare is, that he should have enthusiastic fellowship with Shakspeare the individual, that he should dwell with him as with a friend. But this implies that he should become wholly a contemporary of Shakspeare,—throb and burn with the miraculous and prolific Elizabethan existence. Furthermore, the dramatic literature of Elizabeth's time must not be merely his favourite study; it must be his passion, his vocation, his empire. This exclusiveness of pursuit and of purpose, this concentration of effort and of sympathy, this making of a foreign life into our dearest life, this sanctification of pleasure into priesthood, cannot dispense with many minor ministries. Yet, multiply these as we may, they must but intensify and impel the resolute unity of aim. And this they have plainly done in Mr. Staunton's case. Shakspeare is to him the one idea dominating, enveloping, leavening all other ideas. That idea rushes and darts into channels more and more minute; but again those channels seem to augment what they gladly restore. It is thus that Mr. Staunton becomes an admirable rectifier of Shakspeare's text,—not through critical acumen, or through vast erudition; no,—far more through the Shakspeare element in which he moves, and the Shakspeare instinct which inspires him; while the emendations, if not always satisfactory or happy, tend in general to aggrandise and fructify the Shakspeare element, and to sharpen the Shakspeare instinct, both for Mr. Staunton and his readers. Such increase of poetic wealth, by what in the hands of the simple scholar would be a purely prosaic process, proves Mr. Staunton's incomparable aptitude for that grand labour toward which he has from youth been attracted. No author has suffered so much from capricious corrections of the text as Shakspeare. Better than such corrections would it be to confess that the text is in many instances incurably corrupt. Mr. Staunton's amendments have never an arbitrary character. We may accept or we may reject them; but we see that, when he proposes new readings, he has never been influenced by the desire to parade ingenuity, acuteness, or erudition—that he has uniformly striven to present the words which the poet would naturally have written. What the poet actually wrote will, perhaps, in numerous important passages for ever remain unknown. The rhetorical copiousness which distinguishes Shakspeare is probably the best explanation of that carelessness which so often puzzles the commentators. The more of compression, the more of regard for exactitude of expression. But when words flow forth with a magnificent abundance, how little must single words and single sentences be thought of. Though so great a poet, yet by feeling and faculty Shakspeare was more an orator than a poet. All his characters are orators, good or bad. They have all an infinite delight in talking. Merely as an orator, Shakspeare would be insufferably tedious. But then he is not an orator of the argumentative kind; he is an orator overflowing with the richest, rarest, most roseate fancies. His eloquence is an improvisatorial stream, creating from its fulness many an island paradise as it bounds along, and lingering to play with what it thus creates. With more eloquence than phantasy, with more phantasy than imagination, with more imagination than passion, Shakspeare could picture human nature in its expansiveness, but not in its intensity. Now human nature in its expansiveness is excessively garrulous, and Shakspeare is as garrulous as human nature. Garrulity never stops to ponder or to point a phrase. The rhetorical, the garrulous Shakspeare may have often amplified when revising his pieces; but it is doubtful whether he ever curtailed. His felicities of style have never been equalled; yet he would not have known what you meant if you had begun to speak to him about style. Not every author who is fluent in utterance is felicitous in utterance; but you cannot be felicitous in utterance unless you are fluent in utterance. By an energetic concision you may be able to say more in fewer words than your neighbours; do not, however, consider this triumph of speech as equivalent to that felicity of speech which an ancient praised. Shakspeare's marvellous felicities of speech are the infelicities of his editors. His improvisatorial amplifications piled thickly on each other, and his Dame Quickly garrulities torment the brain which dreams that you must always ascend to catch a foremost author's meaning, when you must still oftener descend.

To elucidate and to perfect Shakspeare's text we must place

ourselves in the very centre of his spontaneousness, which involves much more affinity with what lies below us than with what towers above us. Toward the improvement of the text, and what is of far higher importance, toward the catholic appreciation of the catholic Shakspeare, idealism may stand as fatally in the way as pedantry. Shakspeare was not idealist more than human nature in its roughest shapes and commonest emotions is idealist. He conveys us into no unreal world; but round this real world he weaves the purple robe of romance; which is exactly what Scott, in our own times, has done with more vigour of imagination, if with much less wealth of phantasy. In the case of both it perhaps disturbs the romance that the painter should come in with his illustrations. The painter's realm is the realm of realism. And as there is a predominant realism in Shakspeare himself, the painter, however gifted, plucks away the purple robe of romance, and thus destroys more than half the poetry. The illustrations to Mr. Staunton's volumes by Mr. Gilbert are of very various merit. And perhaps the best of them rather show the fecund talent of the painter than catch the true Shaksperian spirit. Yet will any painter ever do this? One of the most pretentious editions of Shakspeare was illustrated by a painter in the ridiculous productions of whose pencil the face of the men and women brought on the scene was all smirk, and the body all dough—bone and muscle being rejected from the human frame as superfluities. Mr. Gilbert does not insult us with such idiotic abortions of simper and sawdust, which may pass in a newspaper, but which have a helpless, silly look in Shakspeare, where every face gleams with life, and every frame is a sinewy mass of flesh and blood. The men and women are solid enough; occasionally too much so. We could dine with them, we could travel with them, but not in the romantic regions which are so wondrously Shakspeare's own.

Whether the pictorial illustrations to Shakspeare—if indeed any are admissible—should be strictly of an antiquarian and historical kind we leave others to decide. Probably no one expects to find in pictorial illustrations to a book the grandest achievements of art. People grown up, like to have large picture books, as when children they delighted in little picture books, and their taste herein is seldom more fastidious in manhood than in childhood. These volumes then, considered simply as picture books, are very splendid picture books. And, no doubt, more will buy them as picture books than for the literary contents. Ought we to complain of this? Ought we not rather to rejoice? How many English homes would Shakspeare not reach unless his plays entered in pictorial garb and array? And how poor, and dull, and cold would those homes be without Shakspeare? As the Scotchman should be suspected who has not a Burns beside his Bible, so should the Englishman be suspected who has not a Shakspeare beside his most beloved and venerated religious manuals. Shakspeare is more to England than her foremost poet: he is her best moral teacher. But for Shakspeare into what arid and pitiless sectarianism might not England ere this have hardened—the most generous English qualities wrecked in the harshness and ferocity of English antagonism and exaggeration! Through him we have kept fresh and flowing the beautiful charities, the noble humanities. Through him we have learned mercy and tenderness; tolerance for the erring, forbearance toward the frail, long-suffering toward infirmities, without losing our healthy hatred of depravity and the depraved. How great the gain to Greece that it had Homer wherewith to nourish its soul! How great the loss to Italy that the sombre Dante added his own despairs to the despairs of his native land! How great the loss to France that France has for two centuries recognised as its chief poets two Louis Quatorze declaimers! How great the loss to Germany that Germany should bow to Goethe the egoist, the dilettante, as to a monarch and a God! England is inclined to cant about its blessings and privileges; but when it means in sincerity and gratitude to speak of them it should honour Shakspeare as the main and mighty privilege and blessing. It has sometimes been thought that poets are the legislators of the human race, and who is England's legislator if Shakspeare is not? Law exercises only the power it receives from a current sentiment or current opinion. And how much have our laws been modified in their character and operation by culture from the poets, and especially from Shakspeare. In intercourse with Shakspeare we learn an enlightened conservatism, a dislike of dogmatizing, a reverence for the majesty and holiness of ceremonial, and a sympathy with the truths that are deeper than creeds and wider than conventicles. Yet to be a complete man every one must have a life which is of the world and a life which is not of the world. Of the inner life which is not of the world Shakspeare reveals to us nothing. Poetry leads us to the threshold of religion, but does not pass beyond. Those who would substitute poetry for religion are just as blameable as they who, in the name of religion, make war on poetry.

There is no limit then to Shakspeare's dominion as the catholic poet; none except that mystical existence which he would have ceased to be a poet if he had tried to penetrate. He often cast a glance across the brink, but never ventured a step. In this respect he was much wiser than the poets of a later day who have usurped the place of the religious missionary with no benefit either to poetry or to religion. Of old, the prophet and the poet were identical; but identical they can never be again, even as the former identity between the prophet and the priest has likewise

vanished. Our effort should ever be to harmonise the divine agencies that operate on a nation, yet so that individuality—the perpetual source of heroism—is not annihilated. The problem which a nation has perpetually to solve is how catholicism and individuality may be reconciled. In England sects and parties are but modes and manifestations of individuality. Without her sects and parties England would not be the vigorous country she is;—without the catholic influences, and primordially those which flow and have flowed from Shakspeare, she would not be, as she is, irresistibly expansive. Here then is a matter which the critics on Shakspeare have overlooked, but to which they would find it fruitful to turn their attention. We should rejoice if, after Mr. Staunton has given as nearly as possible a perfect edition of Shakspeare, some Englishman, no less true-hearted, should arise to give us a work of perfect criticism on Shakspeare; in which, as follows from what precedes, Shakspeare's relations as a potent moral teacher to England would be conspicuous. We have alluded to the new readings proposed by Mr. Staunton; but it would be contrary to our usual plan and a departure from our habits if we were minutely to discuss any of them. They will no doubt, however, be discussed enough—not always in the friendliest temper. The only remark of a hostile kind which we are disposed to make regarding the volumes is that the critical opinions appended to each play are not brought from a field sufficiently vast and new. Drake would scarcely count now as a critical authority; and how many in recent times have written on Shakspeare with eloquence and genius whose names, or quotations from whose works, we do not here encounter! One more volume will complete Mr. Staunton's labour of love. As a labour of love may the English race, all the earth over, warmly welcome it. We have performed a labour of love in summoning our readers to its cordial appreciation. A labour of love is its own reward. But we trust that it will not be the only one which Mr. Staunton will receive for his researches, perseverance, and devotedness.

ATTICUS.

FITZBALL.

Thirty-five Years of a Dramatic Author's Life. By EDWARD FITZBALL. T. C. Newby.

TO HAVE LED for the third of a century the vexed and perturbed life of a dramatic author, and yet to be as meek as a lamb and as innocent as Una—to have lived thirty-five years in an atmosphere of the most horrifying melodramas—in a miasma of haunted houses, ineffaceable bloodstains, daggers whose sides are dented by incessant contact with the fifth rib, poisoned bowls and blue fire, and yet throughout the roomy pages of these two volumes to roar as gently as any sucking dove—to have confronted the sternest of managers and the most exacting heroines of domestic drama—nay, to have braved for so long a period the whims and caprices of that many-headed monster, the public—and yet to be as timorous as an Italian greyhound of “Messieurs the Reviewers,” as our Fitzball calls them: these are strange anomalies in the life of one whom we presume we must call a literary man. We close the work half inclined to indulge in a hearty fit of laughter at the follies and absurdities which are spread as thickly over these six hundred pages—treacle over bread—half ashamed that any man of mature age, and who has exercised for so many years a comparatively intellectual vocation, should make so sorry an exhibition of himself before a not too charitable world. As a kind of transpontine Marlowe, Mr. Fitzball has for a long period enjoyed a certain celebrity. As “Jonathan Bradford” was a capital dish of horrors in three acts, so also was “Alice May,” in which, if our remembrance be correct, there was a most effective tableau. The stage showed two floors of a house: in the lower apartment a private family at dinner—cold boiled beef and vegetables, we believe. In the upper storey a murder is committed, by whom and upon whom it matters not; but the flooring of the room stands in need of being looked after by the district surveyor. The blood oozes through the rotting joists, and a hideous gout falls “plop” into the plate of beef of the head of the family. “What is that you have on your plate father,” asks (we think) Alice May. The venerable paterfamilias would reply “beef;” but, on closer inspection, he gasps forth: “Ha! ’tis BLOOD, ’tis Blood, my child!” General consternation. It would have been much better for Mr. Edward Fitzball to have remained satisfied with the dim and occult renown that attached to him as the concoctor of these *ana* of the dissecting-room, the charnel-house, and the condemned cell. A not inconsiderable section of the public pictured him to themselves as a mysterious individual of swarthy hue, attired in a sombrero and a cloak of many folds, who presented his manuscripts to managers on the point of a stiletto, at home burnt only blue fire in his grate, quaffed *aqua tofana*, and received only a select circle of vampires, gnomes of the Hartz Mountains, and brethren of the Vehmgericht. It was exceedingly unwise in him to lift this veil of mystery, and to reveal himself on the lithographed frontispiece and in the body of his autobiography as a bald-headed individual, with an all-round collar and an Albert watch-guard, mild and inoffensive in aspect certainly, but almost inconceivably vain, silly, and egotistical. Again, our Fitzball might have been satisfied with a niche, not in the Temple of Fame, but on the music publishers' bookshelves, side by side with that occupied by the poet Bunn. If the immortal Alfred sang of hollow hearts that wear a mask, to see which would break your “own” (heart or mask!), and told how “the fair land of Poland was trod by the hoof of the ruthless invader and might,” the eminent Edward had “beheld the

anchor weighed," and warbled the encomia of "My pretty Jane." But he is not satisfied with a widely-spread and lucrative reputation for writing very "singable," though intensely nonsensical verses. He considers himself to be a lyric bard. He strikes his breast, throws up his fine eyes, and exclaims in inspired accents, "*ed anche io son pittore*"—or *poeta*. He writes to the editor of a magazine, in which has appeared an article on the ballad poetry of England, to complain that his name is omitted among the lyrists, and mistakes the editor's ironical reply for a tribute to his genius. He evidently considers "My pretty Jane," or "In my cottage near Rochelle," to be on a par, if not superior to, Herrick's "Cherry ripe," or Jonson's "Drink to me only with thine eyes." He says of Mr. Bunn and of that "fine opera," "The Bohemian Girl," in which "Mr. Harrison became immortal by his singing 'When other lips':"

I might with reason have felt myself somewhat affected by jealousy, because, till then, I had been considered the libretto writer of the day; that is to say, the English libretto writer; most sincerely did I throw down the palm to the *refulgent genius* of Mr. Bunn.

There are evidently but two poets in Mr. Fitzball's Parnassus, himself and the ex-manager of Drury Lane. Our author may be indeed considered a poet so far as egotism, and childishness, and impulsive indiscretion are concerned, but then so was Codrus a poet, and Bayius and Mævius, and Moschus and Bion, and Elkanah Settle and Mr. Pye the laureate.

It would be cruel, however, to deny that the writer of this foolish book appears to be the most inoffensive, the most amiable, the kindest-hearted of men. There is no more harm in Mr. Fitzball than in a boiled whiting, and little more flavour of Attie or any other salt. He has lived in stirring dramatic times; he has been the contemporary of Elliston, of Davidge, of Osbaldiston, of Bishop, of Rodwell, of Kemble, of *Fawcett*, of Wallack, of Jerrold, of theatrical notabilities unnumbered; he has consorted with *prime donne*, "eminent tragedians," heroines of domestic drama, and acknowledged favourites from the Surrey side, from T. P. Cooke to Miss Vincent, from Henry Wallack to "Bravo Hicks." Yet his book is singularly barren of anecdotes of even ordinary interest touching things theatrical; and his reminiscences of the celebrities of the opera and the drama are mainly confined to an enumeration of the civil things they have said to him. The "everlasting I" is indeed so rampant throughout the work as to become a positive nuisance; and, from the colour of Mr. Fitzball's wife's dress to the furniture of Mr. Fitzball's "sequestered retreat at Peckham," we are surfeited through six hundred pages with references to mean details and frivolous personalia.

As to the "story" of his life, Mr. Fitzball might almost say, with the heartiness of the needy knife-grinder, that he has none to tell. The trivialities of the opening portions of his book might well be dispensed with—they are bald and uninteresting; the remainder is barely more than a recapitulation of the production of his innumerable melodramas and *libretti*, and their alternate success and condemnation; mingled with narratives of his quarrels with managers, and meek Jeremiads on the want of appreciation displayed by the actors and actresses who had to interpret his *rôles*; and the consistent cruelty or neglect of "Messieurs the Reviewers." Of the bare facts, however, of Mr. Fitzball's career we will endeavour to give an outline.

Every man, we suppose, has his *kismet*, his fate, his destiny; and Mr. Fitzball has his. His book, he says, is

The story of a life, simple enough in itself, but through which the microscopic lens of philosophy, from its commencement, will discover the incipient impulse and end, and no other end to be accomplished, since every attempt to pass over its barrier failed. A water deposited of itself to be still, but into which great rocks and vast masses of volcanic eruptions seem to have fallen or been cast, to lift it up, in spite of itself, to the culmination, its apparent destiny, Heaven best knows why, to accomplish.

Thus, to some men is given the power of driving a gig or writing a leading article, and to others of solving the problems of Euclid or playing on the fiddle. To Mr. Fitzball was given a singular hydraulic faculty, by which, aided by the "great rocks and vast masses of volcanic eruptions" with which he was fortuitously pelted, he was enabled to raise the waters of his life to a height sufficient for melodramatic cockboats to float thereon. By the way Mr. Fitzball calls them "argosies." Of the date of Mr. Fitzball's entrance on the stormy stage of life we are left in ignorance (our author is a widower, and there may be yet maidens sighing to woe the writer of "Alice May"), but the event took place in the rural and romantic village of Burwell, in Cambridgeshire, and near Newmarket, "so celebrated all over Europe for its horse-races." Mr. Fitzball is anxious that Burwell should not be confounded with "the more well-known village of Barnwell, about a mile distant from the University of Cambridge," and we can well understand what a horror a person of his modest and retiring disposition must have for a locality tabooed to undergraduates, and whose precincts, it is even mooted, inhibit Masters of Art. Mr. Fitzball's proper patronymic is "Ball;" he subsequently assumed the additional prefix of "Fitz" in right of his mother, who appears to have been descended from the "Fitzes" of that ilk. For any Englishman's name to be simply Fitz, seems as strange as it would be for a Frenchman to have no other surname but "De;" but Mr. Fitz-Ball need not have troubled himself with such particularities, early affiliated as he was to a profession in which Mr. Cobbles ordinarily rechristens himself as Mr. De Courey, and Miss Muggins starts into stage life with the aristocratic pseudonym of Montmorency. His grandfather was the "celebrated Doctor Ball, of Mildenhall;" he had a relative who was known

as "old Bob Isaacson," and who presented him when a boy with a flute. His father was a substantial yeoman, almost a country gentleman, and occupied an estate called the "Rookery" (but *why* Rookery, as Miss Betsey Trotwood observed, is not explained), but he had an infatuation amounting to a malady for dicing and horse-racing, and died when quite a young man, leaving his estate "mortgaged to the roof." At the early age of twelve years, his elder brother being at sea, a midshipman of the Royal Navy, the valorous Edward undertook the whole management of the land (which he now calls a farm); and it was about this time it occurred to him to have "an intuitive knowledge of painting, poetry and sculpture." This modest assertion reminds us of the eulogium bestowed by an enthusiastic American biographer upon an unfortunate poetaster who had taken prussic acid, and whom he declared to have had "only to stand on the threshold of the Temple of Universal Knowledge, to know all the contents at a glance." Master Fitz proceeded to put his "intuitive knowledge" of the fine arts into practice. His colours were often squeezed from flowers, and his statues "composed of wood," but they "were not without wonder and commendation, even from the informed, as well as the ignorant." We are afraid that Mr. Fitzball's "intuitive knowledge of poetry" has stood him in greater stead here than painting or sculpture; and that a floating reminiscence of the precocious attempts at extracting pigments from flowers made by a certain Tiziano Vecelli (*vide* Mr. Dyce's picture *passim*) has led him poetically to magnify the "penny plain and twopence coloured" cartoons of his youth into works of art. Shortly after his father's death, and with the praiseworthy design of assisting his mother, he wrote secretly a tragedy in two acts, "amusical, historical, demoniacal tragedy," which he took at the time of the great annual fair to Bury St. Edmund's; and, with many palpitations of the heart, presented to Mr. Hindes, the manager, "a good-natured-looking fat man." But Mr. Hindes would have none of the "demoniacal" tragedy. His objection was sufficiently kindly expressed: "Have you a father, young gentleman?" he asked. "No, Sir." "Nor a mother?" "Yes, Sir." "Is she very fond of you?" "Oh, yes, and I of her." "Give Mr. Hindes's compliments to her," continued he, "and tell her to spare no exertion to give you a good education; you deserve it." The which, we opine, was a delicate mode of counselling Master Fitzball to go to school. In any case he returned "blighted;" the manuscript fell "like a thunderbolt into his frozen hand," and during his solitary ride home, disappointment overcame him, and his MS. of his first tragedy flew, scattered to the winds on Newmarket Heath.

Circumstances not improving with the family of the Balls, and a certain elder brother (the midshipman, now a lieutenant) arriving with a gold epaulette and sword, and giving himself insufferable airs, the future melodramatist, imitating the example of the man in the moon, though not his premature arrival on *terra firma*, "asked his way to Norwich," and articulated himself to a printer for three years. Soon after his departure, the nautical brother with the gold epaulette not succeeding in the management of the estate, the whole was sold, and mother and son came to reside in the Cathedral Close of Norwich. At the expiration of the term of his articles, Mr. Fitzball, junior, made an excursion to Nottingham, where he was introduced to the family of Henry Kirke White; and about this time he fell in love with a young lady while she was embroidering a satin slipper with gold beads at an open window. "Her name I discovered," says Mr. Ball, "was Adelaide—what a name for the mistress of a poet! Adelaide, how Germanic, and our meeting not to be surpassed by Petrarch and his divine Laura, or Faust and the beautiful Margaret." Mr. Fitzball continues twittering on about the divine Adelaide; but, to make a long story short, we may as well state that Mr. Fitzball eventually married the lady with the Germanic name, who bore him a daughter, made him an excellent wife, and lived long and happily with him. To the melancholy story of his subsequent bereavement the author, we think, gives unnecessary publicity; but the narrative is, nevertheless, rendered with a certain tenderness and grace. At the Norwich Theatre Mr. Fitzball produced a drama called the "Innkeeper of Abbeville" which was seen, while in rehearsal, by a Mr. Payne, who had come down to Norwich to "star it." Mr. Ball met Mr. Payne in London; the former having removed to London, and at the recommendation of his friend and patroness, Mrs. Opie, taken a situation in a printing office, an employment still uncongenial to his romantic temperament, albeit his employers treated him with the "greatest respect and deference." Mr. Payne recommended the aspirant to dramatic fame to Mr. Watkins Burroughs, of the Surrey, who brought the "Innkeeper of Abbeville" out; it made a hit, and ran upwards of one hundred consecutive nights; and, says the *dramaturge* whom the most eminent composers and *tenori* of the day will persist in calling "Fizzey,"

From the production of this drama, I date my reign of scenes and vicissitudes as a dramatic author; for it was really, honestly speaking, and without affectation, puffing, or *claqueurs*, truly successful, and has since been played in every theatre in the United Kingdom, is playing now, and also in America, with equal effect.

In June 1822, almost the first date which Mr. Fitzball vouchsafes to give us he presented the world, still at the Surrey, with a dramatised version of Sir Walter Scott's "Fortunes of Nigel," in which we learn that "Bengough surpassed himself as the King." Bengough was, we believe, the immediate predecessor of Shogog, whom the late Gilbert à Beckett immortalised in *Figaro*. Then came a piece "on the subject of a savage man, as recorded in the *Times* paper, who had carried off a young lady from the house of her family, and concealed

her somewhere amongst the rocks of Charbonnier." The fame of "Nigel" and the "Savage Man" reached the ears of Mr. Charles Kemble, who sent for Mr. Ball (he was still Mr. Ball) to Covent Garden; and, to his great perturbation, the "Savage" piece, under the title of "Father and Son," was produced at the "legitimate theatre;" but, notwithstanding scenery by the Messrs. Grieve, and the high opinion expressed by Mr. George Colman the Younger, it was damned. The "Inchcape Bell," however, at the Surrey, under Elliston's management, was a decided success, and ran eighty nights; and this with the "Floating Beacon," and a version of "Waverley," at the Adelphi, paved the way to the great triumph of the "Pilot," which had the advantage of including in its cast the names of T. P. Cooke, Terry, John Reeve, Yates, and Mrs. Fitzwilliam. On the hundredth night of its performance the management gave a grand dinner on the stage to one hundred persons, and poor Mr. Ball was not among the invited. Such is the ingratitude of mankind and managers. He attended the dinner, nevertheless, and "met with cordial apologies for what was really an oversight."

Again, at the Adelphi, a piece of diablerie, called "The Flying Dutchman," which many people prefer to the "Pilot." Then "The Shadowless Man, or the Devil's Elixir," at Covent Garden. In 1830, through the interest of Mr., afterwards Sir Henry Bishop, came an engagement to write original ballads and vaudevilles for Vauxhall Gardens; and here was first sung Mr. Fitzball's *chef d'œuvre* of ballad poetry, "My pretty Jane." Would our readers like to have a stanza of this charming song? But our extract would be incomplete without Mr. Fitzball's prefatory remarks:

The unaffected simplicity of the words may give some idea of how little difficulty there is sometimes in pleasing the public, if one always knew the way how to accomplish it.

Oh, name the day, the wedding day,
And I will buy the ring;
The bridal maids in garlands gay,
And village bells shall ring.

Then, pretty Jane, my dearest Jane,
Ah! never look so shy;
But meet me in the evening,
When the bloom is on the rye.

Here is "unaffected simplicity" with a vengeance, although Mr. Fitzball seems in a slight embarrassment with his nominative case and the bridal-maids. He acknowledges, too, that George Linley, the poet (?)—does he mean the composer of ballads?—pointed out an "oversight" in making "ring" rhyme with "ring."

We really have not space to follow Mr. Fitzball through his subsequent melodramatic and operatic peripatetics. His great hit, after the "Pilot," was "Jonathan Bradford, or the Murder at the Roadside Inn," acted with the assistance of Mr. Osbaldiston and Miss Vincent, and which had a run of 264 nights. He has written opera libretti for Balfe, Wallace, Bishop, Rodwell, and Loder. He has written melodramas whose name is legion. He was reader of manuscript plays to Mr. Bunn and Mr. Anderson at Drury Lane; and, in the year 1850, he positively wrote a pantomime for the Princess's Theatre, called "Alonzo the Brave and the Fair Imogene"—the old story of "La Nonne Sanglante,"—which was so dolefully lugubrious as to be intensely funny, and was very successful. Finally, he was the author of that great-grandmother of Egyptian mummies, "Nitocris, a tragedy," written for Drury Lane Theatre, and whose lamentable *fiasco*, notwithstanding the elaborate costumes designed by the celebrated "Dyk Wynkyn," the interminable processions, the "idols carried across the stage," which cost twenty-five pounds each, and seemed to weigh twenty-five tons, the fine acting of Miss Glynn, and the really commendable liberality of the enterprising Mr. E. T. Smith, we all remember.

We think, ere we part with Mr. Fitzball, that our readers are entitled to have some further "taste of his quality" as a writer. Here are "Fizzey's" opinions touching on the poetry of motion:

Venafra, I think it was, came over to this country with beautiful French dancers—ladies. So well as I can recollect, it was during the management of Mr. Charles Kemble and Captain Forbes; real managers—men who had money to speculate with, and paid their losses in those speculations, and who did not shut up the theatre when they had a bad week, and call it the end of a season. Well, touching these French dancers. Silk tights, as they are theatrically called, were then only tolerated at His Majesty's Theatre in the Haymarket. It was then only permitted the aristocracy to be, as old Mrs. Bull called it, undecent. Would it be believed by some of our juveniles, these French ladies were nearly expelled the stage for the very same cause that now sets the theatre in a roar of approbation, and brings down a shower of camellias, azaleas, japonicas, and even blushing English roses to their feet. See what an enlightened race we have become, thanks to foreigners, whose habits and manners we once so repelled, and who were the first to teach us the "poetry of action."

Query, motion?

In this agreeable mixture of soapsuds and milk-and-water, the "thirty-five years" of Mr. Fitzball's dramatic life continue to froth peacefully away. His style is worthy of a *blanchisseuse de fin*, and though he may write melodramas—as William in "Black-Eyed Susan" is said to have played the fiddle—"like an angel," he most decidedly talks like "poor Poll."

MENDIP ANNALS.

Mendip Annals; or, a Narrative of the Charitable Labours of Hannah and Martha More in their Neighbourhood: being the Journal of Martha More. Edited by ARTHUR ROBERTS, M.A. London: James Nisbet and Co.

WE WILL VENTURE to assure the editor of this journal that he need not feel any very great "degree of self-reproach in having been so long in possession of such an edifying manuscript without having taken any active steps towards preparing it for publication."

As connected with the name and memory of Hannah More, this little book will doubtless receive due attention—an attention, indeed, not perhaps altogether earned by its contents. It is strictly what it professes to be, a narrative of the charitable labours of the two sisters; admirable enough as showing us how much good two solitary women of delicate health and weak nerves could effect, when animated by a sense of duty; and not uninteresting as giving us a glimpse of genuine rustic life in an out-of-the-way corner of Somersetshire during the latter part of the eighteenth century. Yet before long we get somewhat fatigued with the annals of the loutish lads and lasses of the Mendip-hills; lectures against dancing, dirty hands, swearing, and drunkenness, follow one another in too quick succession, for to the end of the chapter a good many rustic Delias and Damons seem incorrigible; despite repeated admonitions, cider is too often preferred to soap; Damon will snore in church, and Delia will dance; clergymen, too, will preach sermons unprofitable in the judgment of the critical spinsters; and nutting expeditions in the bright summer sunshine are found to be as dangerous to the virtue of Shipham maidens as moonlight flautings at Ranelagh or Vauxhall to the fine ladies of London. Nor let any of our fair readers who have model Sunday schools, presided over by model clergymen, smile at the griefs of our active, kind-hearted spinster as baseless. We know, indeed, that in the latter half of the nineteenth century, a country parish is not necessarily an earthly Eden. There is, alas, too often a skeleton there in the guise of ultra-Evangelism, Tractarianism, or Scepticism. Keen controversial dissenters are still not unnaturally anxious to propagate "the stupid and ruinous idea of Methodism," as Miss Hannah More somewhat harshly terms it: snoring in church and dancing have not disappeared with stage-coaches, and sweet Auburns produce too often their monster share of Magdalens. It is only, perhaps, in high-flown novels and high art pictures, or on the stage, that every English peasant is honest, merry, and contented, and his children rosy-faced and clean. Nowhere, in fact, do we find the country less idyllic than when we are in it. But young ladies of the present day will not have to sigh like the Miss Mores because the clergyman of their parish gets intoxicated six times a week, and cannot appear in the pulpit through having black eyes; nor yet will they think it a good reason for congratulation that the young women who attend their schools are at least sober. The lapse of more than half a century has made us, if not more virtuous, at least more outwardly decent. The diatribes against dancing are amusingly frequent in this book; it is a high crime and misdemeanor in Shipham; the many twinkling feet of the lads and lasses must not pollute the village-green. Even the model preachers who have braved long days and nights in fusty stage-coaches to bring enlightenment to Shipham almost invariably improve upon dancing from their pulpit; "dancing at Shipham must always be improper, but in the midst of religious institutions, of societies and schools, it is particularly indecent and abominable." We scarcely understand why it should be particularly objectionable at Shipham; perhaps it was because the Miss Mores thought it the truest tenderness to keep a tight hand upon their disciples, as say they, "we have not that exalted opinion of the dignity of human nature which some ladies and gentlemen have." These ladies, indeed, in their honest zeal for good, were occasionally somewhat high-handed. The school-master chosen by them—whose besetting sins are admitted to be pride and self-conceit—has a dispute with some Colin Clout of a farmer at a rustic banquet; the other Colin Clouts of the parish take their fellow's part and decline to subscribe any longer towards paying the obnoxious pedagogue; orders are issued to the clerk to desire (aloud in the church) the farmers to attend the ladies in the school-house. The interview is curious enough; the feminine eloquence—somewhat shrill and voluble it must be admitted—fails, and so our spinsters indignantly decline "accepting the paltry rent" of the farmers, and "humbly take their leave of Mr. Evans the butcher, of Mr. Withy the collier, and Mr. Alick Combes the farmer, and so on." Yet they find consolation in the thought, somewhat quaintly expressed, "that the young women have stood the nutting season tolerably well." We get occasional glimpses in these pages of more select company than the hoglers of Cheddar and Shipham; one day Miss Hannah dines with the "Prince-Bishop of Durham," and on the next with two religious colliers; or she mitigates the clownish backslidings of Alick Combes and Co., by sweet converse with the Wilberforces or Legh Richmonds, or a *tête-à-tête* with Lord Cornwallis, "brave, disinterested, noble-minded, patriotic." Indeed, the labours of these charitable ladies were such as would put many a strong man to the blush. It requires a very earnest sense of duty, to have delicate health and weak nerves, and yet be able to continue out of doors for thirteen consecutive hours, whether engaged in the onerous office of choosing a "solid, knowing young man" for a school-master, or lecturing a "melancholy, ragged, impudent, lying set of children," who preferred tarts and clothing to any amount of knowledge imparted even by the "solid, knowing young man," happily secured for scholastic purposes by Miss More. Provoking, too, it was to be occasionally vanquished by proselytising Methodists, who did not scruple to outbid our spinsters in lavish proffers of such carnal enticements as we have mentioned; and, unfortunately, many of the converts cared so little for nice shades of doctrine, that they required no probationary time before quitting orthodoxy, and became ready-made dissenters with disheartening facility. Albeit, too, even in some of our metropolitan parishes, complaints are occasionally heard from grumblers that three out of every four sermons oblige a

man to put his hand into his pocket; we are in advance of the rude forefathers of the hamlet, on whose doubting hearts the officiating clergyman—when giving an invitation to some religious meeting—found it necessary, by a threefold announcement in church, to impress the welcome fact that no subscriptions would be asked; and immediately, says Miss More, “every heart was cheered, and every eye brightened.” The complaints against backsliding curates are nearly as frequent in this diary as those against dancing and nutting; and, indeed, we must admit, with all due respect to our spinster missionaries, that the office of curate in one of the parishes over which they presided would not be a very enviable post even to many modern clerics,—vast improvements doubtless, as even the worst are on Parsons Trulliber and Supple. The average Cantab or Oxonian of the present day, fresh from the University, would, we imagine, however earnest, have failed to give entire satisfaction to our critical spinsters. We are not here alluding to the priestly wassail of the rollicking ecclesiastics before-mentioned; such a thing as this is a severe trial and a judgment—a day to be marked with a black stone. But no occasional game of whist for infinitesimally small points would possibly be permitted: loud are the congratulations of the Miss Mores on the exit from their parish of a card-playing curate. Again, if a curate ride—and the long lanes of Cheddar, and wet flats of Nailsea would tire out the practised legs of a professional walker—if a curate ride, it apparently must only be in the meek conventional amble of the portly church dignitary: let the clerical speed by duly moderated, or the rider will be handed down to posterity as a “galloping curate;” and, unless there be something peculiarly improving in his sermons, little favour will he win. But suppose the outward man of our model curate be perfect; let his garb have attained the due degree of ecclesiastical unsightliness; let all recalcitrant locks be combed into an unlovely sleekness; let him utterly eschew such abominations as wine, cards, dancing, and galloping; nay, let him even be ever so apt at changing stiff-necked Methodists into ready-made orthodox Churchmen, without passing them through any lengthened theological quarantine; he will still have the ordeal of preaching to pass through before our two female critics. Nor was this ordeal a slight one. Miss Hannah More herself preaches sermons which, for their forcible common sense, and plain speaking with regard to duty, would put to shame the prosy verbiage of no few preachers of the present day. Miss Hannah was indeed a somewhat formidable critic to a clerical neophyte; possessing herself literary capabilities of no mean order, she could write a tract or throw off a theological pamphlet with an ease which must have occasionally astonished the simple missionaries, whom passing rich on 25*l.* a year, hard work, and scant pay, did not frighten from the wilds of Somersetshire. As we have several of Miss Hannah More’s charges in these pages, we should like to have had the opportunity of comparing them with some of the clerical discourses which so often fail to win approbation in this diary. Miss More’s charges are, as we have before stated, very much to the point; somewhat plain spoken in reproving “intolerable gossip” and “idle slander” in the women, who, debarred from exercising their feet, not unnaturally plied their tongues with double vigour. We can fancy these earnest intellectual ladies somewhat dissatisfied with the arrangement that transformed a master of the ceremonies into a curate, and led a canting schoolmistress to set up an opposition meeting house, and make extempore prayers in ungrammatical English. There is a touch of nature, as well as good sense, in the following:

Some of our poor youths, who did not know their letters when we took them in hand, have fallen into some of the peculiarities of William Law, without ever having heard that there was such a man in the world; and I fear they judge unfavourably of my zeal because I have refused to publish a severe edict against the sin of *rearing flowers*, which would be ridiculous enough in me who so passionately love them. I find it necessary, in some instances, to encourage cheerfulness, as austerities are insisted on by some of them rather of a serious nature. Two young and very pious persons, who are over head and ears in love with each other, and whom I strenuously exhort to marry, will not hear of it. They say they can serve God better as they are; and this would be very well, only that, while they refuse my injunctions to marry, they are spending almost all their time together; and though I verily believe that both of them would rather die than commit any wilful sin, yet I have found it difficult to impress on them the evil of giving room for scandal.

We close the pages of this diary with an increased respect for the memory of Miss Hannah More and her sister. Had they followed pleasure rather than duty, they would doubtless have preferred the society of the Wilberforces, Macaulays, and Thorntons, to doling out flannel petticoats to deserving crones, or correcting the shortcomings of loutish hoglers in rough mining villages. It must indeed have been a change for one, who had access to the most polished literary circles of London, who was the acquaintance of Johnson, Burke, and Reynolds,—to go among Anglo-Saxons of such a very primitive cast as those described in this diary; who gave a rude welcome by proffering ladies on a morning visit a glass of brandy, or a still ruder repulse in no euphuistic words. Yet a slight vein of asceticism runs through Miss More’s diary. We for our part do not see why just as much good might not have been done by these benevolent sisters, and in a more pleasant way, had they allowed young people to dance, and curates to take an occasional gallop. The circumstances under which they laboured were, we confess, exceptional; but too much stress seems occasionally to be laid on some converted Phyllis wearing a ribbon in her locks, and a rescued Strephon being found with a pipe in his mouth. We know, however, that many good people in the present day think otherwise than we do; and we duly respect—what we cannot help considering to be—their prejudices.

THE HISTORY OF JOURNALISM.

The History of British Journalism, from the Foundation of the Newspaper Press in England to the Repeal of the Stamp Act in 1855; with Sketches of Press Celebrities. By ALEXANDER ANDREWS. London: Richard Bentley. 1859.

MORE THAN EIGHT YEARS have elapsed since the late Mr. F. Knight Hunt, himself a “newspaper man” of status and ability, published the first solid book on the subject of the present volumes. To his title “*The Fourth Estate*,” Mr. Hunt modestly added “Contributions towards a History of Newspapers.” Mr. Andrews is more confident, and designates his collection of papers, most of which have already been published in a metropolitan magazine, *The History of British Journalism*. It appears from Mr. Andrews’s preface, that he had been engaged for some years in amassing a “collection of notes and particulars” relative to the British press, when Mr. Hunt published his well-known “pleasant” and unpretending work. “At once perceiving,” says Mr. Andrews, “that from the very nature of the case, much that was related by that gentleman would have to be repeated in any other book upon the same subject, we had consigned our gleanings to oblivion, till a recent article in one of the Reviews, calling for further details of newspaper history, induced us to polish them up and see what we could make of them.” Hence the papers in the metropolitan magazine and the present readable work. Mr. Andrews has the disadvantage of being a considerably less pleasant and accomplished writer than Mr. Hunt, whose occasional errors, by the way, he corrects in rather too loud a tone of self-commendation. On the other hand, going over the same ground, he has amassed many little facts which his predecessor had overlooked or purposely ignored. He has, moreover, from the nature of the case, a period of eight or nine years to chronicle, of which, of course, no mention is to be found in a book published in 1850. Then Mr. Andrews has chapters on the provincial, the Scotch, the Irish, and the colonial press, branches of the subject which Mr. Hunt neglected. Add to this the merit of an arrangement strictly chronological, we may endorse Mr. Andrews’ claim to announce his book as “a history” (in some sort) “of British journalism.” It is a collection of miscellaneous facts, political, biographical, legal, and statistical, put together in a way specially marked neither by the absence nor the presence of talent. It may strike the reader of Mr. Hunt’s “Fourth Estate” that Mr. Andrews might with advantage have re-edited, supplemented, and continued that work, without producing a new one. But perhaps there were difficulties in the way. Those interested in the subject will find, we can assure them, a very large mass of information in Mr. Andrews’s volumes.

If Mr. Andrews’s History should ever attain the honour—denied as yet to Mr. Hunt’s—of a second edition, we would advise him to correct sundry faults of omission and commission, which are more numerous, it is fair to him to say, in the later than in the earlier portion of his work. Thus it is by no means true that, as Mr. Andrews asserts, “the name most conspicuous in the modern history of the Scottish press is that of James Ballantyne, the friend and partner of Sir Walter Scott,” and whose *Kelso Mail* and *Edinburgh Weekly Journal* are duly chronicled, while not a syllable of mention is vouchsafed to the *Scotsman*, which for many years fought with remarkable ability the battle of the Edinburgh, and, in a measure, of the Scottish Liberals. In the account of the provincial press, we find no mention of the foundation of the *Manchester Guardian* or of the *Manchester Times*, with which the *Manchester Examiner* is now incorporated; Mr. Andrews seeming to be ignorant of the existence of Mr. Archibald Prentice’s well-known autobiographical volume of Manchester reminiscences. Coming nearer to home and the present time, we must inform Mr. Andrews that he is most inaccurate in his statement that on the establishment of the *Leader*, Mr. G. H. Lewes “was at once appointed editor; a post which he continued to occupy until July, 1854.” Mr. Lewes was for some time the literary editor of the *Leader*, but at no time could he be called its editor, in the sense attached to the word by Mr. Andrews. But perhaps the most amusing of Mr. Andrews’s mistakes is one, while committing which he gravely censures the assumed errors of his neighbours, himself egregiously blundering all the time. The following passage is unique; its parenthetical strokes of admiration are Mr. Andrews’s own:

George Hogarth, so well known for his History of Music, and his writings on the English musical stage, and who has the honour of calling himself father-in-law of Charles Dickens, had left Edinburgh where he had been a Writer to the Signet, was now, and for several years, dramatic and musical critic of the *Morning Chronicle*; and Coventry Patmore, the Quaker poet, was the editor of the *Court Journal*, a fashionable paper just founded by Mr. Henry Colburn, the publisher. Mr. Patmore is a native of Woodford, and was born, says “Men of the Time,” in 1823. If so, he was just ten years old when he occupied this important post. (11) So much are these gossiping, prying memoirs of living celebrities to be relied on, which profess to cater to the information of “outsiders,” and to give them the height of the bodies, the girth of the waist, and the length of the noses, instead of assisting them to measure and fathom the minds of the great ones of their generation. Tiddle for tea-tables, for gents who, sick over their first cigars, and giddy in their first polkas, fancy they are knowing about the town and the world, when they draw out all these paltry details to the admiration of the simpering miss from school, who, in her turn, fancies that Frederick or Augustus must mix in *recherche* society to pick up all these little bits of scandal.

Prodigious! The “Men of the Time” has sins enough to answer for, but certainly it must be acquitted of the not very great crime of post-dating the birth of Mr. Coventry Patmore, and even were it guilty, why accuse it of sins which have nothing to do with so venial an error? The blundering, however, is entirely on Mr. Andrews’s part. Mr. Andrews has confounded Mr. Coventry Patmore with

his father, Mr. P. G. Patmore, who published a few years ago a volume of gossiping Reminiscences, and who was at one time editor of the *Court Journal*. Turning to that, on the whole, useful though imperfect and often peccant volume, the "Men of the Time," we find *sub nomine*:

Patmore, Coventry, poet, born at Woodford, in Essex, July 23rd, 1823, is the son of P. G. Patmore, of Literary Reminiscence celebrity, who was a friend of Hazlitt, Charles Lamb, and Barry Cornwall; the first editor of the *Court Journal*, and one of the earliest contributors to *Blackwood's Magazine*, &c. &c.

Nothing can be plainer. And on this blundering accusation of blundering, Mr. Andrews grafts a gratuitous error of his own. Whether Mr. Coventry Patmore be a poet may be a matter of controversy, but there can be no doubt that he is as little a "Quaker poet" as Mr. Bright is a French colonel. Mistakes and passages like this, however, are of rare occurrence in Mr. Andrews's volume.

If the later portion of Mr. Andrews's work displays more errors than its earlier, it has some additional points of legitimate interest. The statistics of the press before the repeal of the stamp, and some which relate to its condition since, are useful. Mr. Andrews has made a collection of perhaps the most curious products of the repeal, those cheap metropolitan local papers which devote themselves to the special interests of their districts. We were scarcely prepared for so numerous a catalogue as that given by him. Summarising it, we find that there are about twenty-three of these papers. One, the *South London Journal*, and which is sold at 4d., was established in 1845. There is one at 2d., two at 1½d., ten at 1d., while no less than nine are sold at the small charge of ½d. Holborn has a journal to itself, a penny not a halfpenny one; Islington supports two at ½d. each, and there are three published in the vast and populous district known as "South London." As a compiler of facts and figures, Mr. Andrews certainly outstrips his more elegant and cultivated predecessor Mr. Knight Hunt. The following list (for which, however, no authority is given) of the principal sums spent annually in advertising by individuals or individual firms, may amuse some of our readers:

Holloway, Pill and Ointment Manufacturer	£30,000
Moses and Sons, outfitters	10,000
Rowland and Sons, Macassar oil vendors	10,000
Dr. De Jongh, cod liver oil rectifier	10,000
Heal and Sons, bedding manufacturers	6,000
Nichols, tailors	4,500

Into the contemporary arcana of the press Mr. Andrews disavows his intention of entering, and we have no doubt that, in this reticence, he has exercised a wise discretion, not only in relation to the public, but to himself. Works like the present are useful, not only as gratifying a natural curiosity, but as paving the way for a proper history of the press, in which an accurate narrative of facts shall be presided over by a philosophic insight to which Mr. Andrews makes no pretension. In conclusion, we must not omit an allusion to the two indexes with which Mr. Andrews has judiciously furnished each of his volumes—one of newspapers, the other of persons and things—and by means of which his *omnium gatherum* is made easy of consultation and additionally useful for reference.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SPEECH.

A Manual of the Philosophy of Voice and Speech, especially in relation to the English Language and the Art of Public Speaking. By JAMES HUNT, Ph.D., F.S.A., M.R.S.L. &c. London: Longmans.

THE SUBJECT OF SPEECH is both curious and interesting, and very naturally so, as the faculty belongs to the human race and forms the marked line of distinction between man and all other created beings, and is indeed the sole link between man and his Creator. The human voice has thus from a very early period been made subject for experiment and matter for speculation, and as a consequence it has not escaped the usual fate of being a basis of untenable theories and unprofitable deductions. At the same time we may not shut our eyes to the fact that much ultimate good may have resulted from such eccentricities—as, the study of alchemy paved the way for more scientific chemical analysis, and as astrology led mankind to a deeper and more rational appreciation of the aerial wonders of creation.

A subject so extensive has, of course, claimed the attention of mankind in all ages and parts of the world, and hence the various points of information are necessarily widely diffused. To bring together these *disiecta membra* has been Dr. Hunt's object in the treatise before us; and certainly, if the collection and collocation of a mass of fragmentary knowledge deserves credit, it is due to the author of this manual. The labour spent might, perhaps, have been more profitably employed in collation—rejecting those theories now obsolete and useless, and thus reducing the mass to moderate dimensions, and then such inferences might have been drawn from the facts as would have formed a guide for the future. Dr. Hunt has evidently not aimed so high. His object has been simply collection; indeed, in his preface, he disclaims anything beyond mere compilation. Who, therefore, would wish for a deeper insight into the subject, must still seek for himself among the various authorities who have devoted themselves to its elucidation.

Taking the work, therefore, according to the author's intention, we must give Dr. Hunt the praise of having collected together a vast quantity of matter; whether the selection has been judicious may be a question, for many of the points introduced only belong to the subject so collaterally as barely to come within the scope of practical relationship; and thus, instead of a connected and intelligible series,

we have a heterogeneous mixture, displaying much praiseworthy painstaking on the part of the author, who, in carrying out his object, has determined to let nothing escape him. This style of compilation would have been more congenial to a bygone period of our literature, but in these days of deep and searching investigation for extracting truth and eliminating error, more might have been better done in less space.

A mere enumeration of the subjects introduced would bear out these remarks. We have first the anatomical construction of the organs of respiration, an explanation of the nervous system, and the usual observations on the subject of sound. After an exposition of the organs of articulation, the author ventures upon the theories of the production of the voice, and sums up the case thus: "From the foregoing account of the anatomy and physiology of the human organ of voice, we cannot but come to the conclusion, that it is of too complex a character to admit of a definite place being assigned to it among the instruments produced by art. Strong arguments, supported by experiments, may be adduced in favour of each of the three principal theories which compare the larynx either to a wind, stringed, or reed instrument. That the larynx bears a closer resemblance to reed, than to wind or stringed instruments, is sufficiently established and generally admitted." This is begging the whole question; we must protest, in the name of common sense, against this sufficient establishment or general admission. Two of these theories are impossible. The human voice is not a stringed instrument. The vibration of the vocal chords is incapable of producing sounds, inasmuch as the chords are always in a moist state; wet a violin string, and the result is simply a negation of sound. Neither does the human voice bear any resemblance to a reed instrument; for the condition of the reed or tongue is, that one end should be free, which is not the case with the vocal chords. The conclusion is inevitable, that the human voice is purely a wind instrument; a fact which might have saved much idle speculation. At page 112, Dr. Hunt, whether for himself or from his authorities does not appear, makes the startling assertion that vocal sounds can be produced during inspiration. Now, space is a necessity for sound. How or where this space is to be obtained for the vibration of sound during inspiration is indeed a problem which we must leave Dr. Hunt or his authorities to solve.

The chapters on Speech and Language contain a variety of matter sedulously compiled; and there is much diversity of information "on the origin of the English language," "on the origin and progress of writing," and on "the analysis of the English alphabet," while there are interesting episodes on the disorders of voice, and on deaf mutism. In the chapter on the cultivation of the voice the author introduces some very loose statements, where, for instance, he says that the baritone, or middle voice, is the best adapted for public speaking, as if the powers of oratory are fettered by the quality—nor does a tenor become necessarily a scream except where undue force is used; and "that a bass voice is with some difficulty pitched high" is an assertion without meaning, for the quality of voice is always fixed; and the individual might as well attempt to add to his stature as to his voice. The work concludes with public speaking and oratory, the various items being carefully collected from approved authorities.

It is somewhat difficult to characterise a work which, while treating of voice and speech, embraces so many collateral points as almost to obscure the main argument. This manual has been put forth "especially in relation to the English language and the art of public speaking," and yet out of 422 pages the English language occupies about 33, and the Art of Public Speaking 53 pages; that is, the principal subjects occupy less than one fifth of the whole. The rest is made up. Now, as Dr. Hunt alludes in his preface to his labour of compilation in a deprecatory tone, all that is left in speaking of the author is to award the praise due to diligence and perseverance in collecting the materials. As a manual, the work contains much information collected loosely and with a limited appreciation of the subjects; and if the word "Philosophy" had been omitted, the title then would have better corresponded with the contents.

RELIGIOUS BIOGRAPHY.

Memoir of Captain W. Thornton Bate, R.N. By the Rev. JOHN BAILLIE. London: Longman and Co.

SINCE THE SUCCESSFUL PUBLICATION of the life of Captain Hedley Vicars, writers of biography appear to have been keeping a sharp look out for heroes of a serious turn of mind. The old Puritan combination of gunpowder and piety seems to be growing into fashion again; and we may, therefore, congratulate readers who like this sort of thing, upon the prospect of the supply keeping pace with their requirements. Captain Thornton Bate is the last novelty in this way, and he appears, at least in Mr. Baillie's account of him, to have been fully up to the high fervid pitch of this new phase of biographical literature. He combined, says the memoir-writer, "first-rate attainments in his calling, with the brightest graces of the Christian life." We have no doubt, indeed, that he was a good officer, and a sincerely religious man; and if Mr. Baillie had said this in a plain, sober style, we should not complain. This, however, is not the latest fashion of heroic biography, which has a language of its own, and a spirit which rises on all occasions high over the regions of humble prose. We will give our readers a slight specimen of this new department of literature, with which they are possibly little acquainted.

The very first requirement in a biographer of Mr. Baillie's stamp is that he shall be able to discern in the simplest and most trifling incident of his hero's life, some outward sign of grace, or something foretelling the transcendent biographical glory which awaits him. Accordingly it has been revealed to Mr. Baillie, that at the age of five "Willie Bate" (or "Billy" as he sometimes irreverently calls him) would occasionally climb a tree, and, "perched on a high branch, would gaze all around, as if he would gaze out his very soul"—and it has also come to the biographer's knowledge, that "Billy" was one day detected in this position, and rated rather sharply, to which the urchin replied gravely, "Oh! I was only taking a survey!" "Let us," says Mr. Baillie, "carry with us this incident, and interpret in its light his future." The reader, after this, will of course be struck with the coincidence that in something less than thirty years afterwards, "Billy," now Commander Bate, was actually engaged in "taking a survey" of the island of Palawan, in the Indian Ocean. We are afraid that "Billy" was a tiresome boy, for we learn that his favourite toy was a cannon, in firing which he twice burnt his eyebrows; and when remonstrated with, he replied, "I was making experiments." This incident, also, says Mr. Baillie, "we shall find was not without its true significance;" though we have unfortunately missed its application.

In his thirteenth year "Billy" was sent to the Naval College at Portsmouth, where, we are told, "he was always among the foremost" in "practical jokes played off upon the dockyard shipwrights or other mechanics, such as putting slipknots upon the stages which they had erected to work from, throwing their tools into the docks, painting parts of a ship white which were intended to be black," and other freaks of the kind. This seems, to common minds, simple enough. Mischievous boys are unhappily not so rare that any new theory is required to account for their occasional appearance; but the biographer, on the authority of a "surviving friend," explains this in the following way: "Whatever he undertook, he threw his whole heart into it—he was a whole man to it for the time; it is not to be wondered at, therefore, that, with his energy of character, he should have been a leader in fun and in mischief; indeed, he was more than once on the point of being expelled." The heads of the school being an ancient captain in the navy and "a group of old, superannuated lieutenants, and sergeants of marine," our readers will not be surprised to hear that no remedy for these pranks was put in requisition but the very "ancient" and "superannuated" one of the rod. At this Mr. Baillie's spirit sinks into the lowest depth of plaintive sentimentalism. He quotes Mr. Martin Tupper's "Proverbial Philosophy" on the wickedness of wrenching the young heart's fibres, sending your "son to a hireling," where

Oppression grindeth without remedy and cruelty delighteth in smiting,

and winds up with the exclamation, "Such, alas, was the doom of the inmates of the Naval College, and deeply did Willie's sensitive heart feel the sore discipline." Billy, however, is confessed to have been at this time a sad dog. At breakfast one morning, during the family devotions, he is said to have had the astounding wickedness to whisper "Make haste and be done with that prayer, or my egg will be quite cold." We confess that we are not yet newfangled enough to think the old superannuated lieutenant's remedy altogether unsuited to such a boy. It was on board the *Blenheim*, 74, in the fore cockpit that an improvement in Mr. William Bate's religious sentiments first publicly manifested itself. Here a knot of officers gathered, we are told, "night after night to pray together." The *Blenheim* appears to have been a vessel at this time eminent for piety. One of the officers recording the entry of Bate, adds, "We were rejoiced to find he was on the Lord's side; and he soon made one in our midst." Nor were the common sailors far behind. One of them being caught swearing one day, an officer, we are told, whispered "My dear fellow, swear not at all!" The biographer's comment is, "The arrow went straight to the swearer's heart, and before many weeks the swearer's cabin was the chosen place of prayer."

In this strain Mr. Baillie continues to the end. Looking to the plain facts, Captain Bate's career was simple enough. He served in the first Chinese war—the "Opium War" as it is called—and seems to have killed a good many Chinese without many inconvenient doubts upon the justice of his cause. After this he was employed in surveying some of the coasts and channels of the Indian Archipelago, but this peaceful and useful labour was confessedly little to his liking. He preferred to be "allowed to exchange from the surveying department into the general service;" which means simply that he would rather be fighting than making hydrographic surveys. Experience seems to have converted him to a faith in the remedy of his old persecutors, the superannuated lieutenants, for his diary contains such entries as—"This blackguard does all the mischief. It is my intention to flog one of them to-morrow"—which logical determination appears to have been duly carried out. When Sir John Bowring's war broke out, his love of active service found again a field. With his pious, well-disciplined crew, Commander, now Captain Bate, did so much that the Admiral's despatches took notice of him; but his career after this was short. He fell at the storming of Canton, pierced by "a shot from a gingall through the right breast." It is only just to say that he appears to have been much liked by his fellow officers, and by the inhabitants of that part of the world (Chinese excepted). Nor do his occasional floggings seem to have prevented his popularity with his crew; who, in a long address, presented to him on a New Year's day, "declare

that "it has been our lot to sail with many captains, not one of whom is fit to be a patch on your back."

We should be sorry to detract from the just merits of poor Captain Bate, who, after all, did not select his own biographer; but the exaggeration, the false sentiment, and the sort of pious slang which pervade this book, are growing offences which we would gladly see checked.

AN ANGLO-FRENCH NOVEL.

Right or Wrong. By GERALDINE E. JEWSBURY. London: Hurst and Blackett.

THERE IS A KIND OF FICTION which we have hitherto flattered ourselves by believing that it was peculiar to the literature of France: it is the fiction which sets inclination above duty, and which holds every sinner to be excused for the gravest derelictions from right who can enter the plea of a consuming and overwhelming passion. Nothing more pernicious than such a doctrine can be imagined; and the form into which it is usually moulded by the popular novelists on the other side of the Channel renders it as detrimental as possible to the best interests of society. If the catastrophe be adultery or seduction (and when is it not one of these?), all that is needful is to place upon the stage a pretty woman with weak health, a weaker brain, but a strong inclination to sentiment, and to bring into her company a fascinating fellow with large whiskers, who magnetises her with basilisk eyes, and lo! she falls erring, but excused, into the abyss which fate has prepared for her. We had hoped, we say, that this class of novel was exclusively of French manufacture; but we must sorrowfully confess that a perusal of the last novel which has proceeded from the much-praised pen of Miss Geraldine Jewsbury has done much to shake us in that faith, and to make us fear that, like diphtheria, the plague has infected us from France. Here is Marguerite, a pretty, virtuous girl, the daughter of a brave old soldier, whom she supports in her old age by making lace, falls in with the Vicomte de Valambrosa, a handsome young courtier of the Regent Orléans, and a few protestations, after the common model, suffice to gull her into the belief that this high-born nobleman will marry her. Here is Miss Jewsbury's picture of the first interview between this modest maiden of sixteen and her noble lover, whose advances had hitherto been confined to looks:

Before Marguerite could follow, her hands were grasped. A voice she had never heard before, but the tone of which her heart knew at once, said in pleading accents:

"Marguerite! Marguerite! have pity on me, grant me but one moment to speak to you."

Her unknown lover was on his knees beside her. What he said Marguerite could not hear. She felt no surprise—it was as though she had always known him. He covered her hands with kisses, and she did not withdraw them; tears streamed from her eyes, and yet she felt so happy, that it was almost pain.

"Marguerite, Marguerite, say that you love me,"—the hands were grasped tighter—"Marguerite, Marguerite, speak to me, Marguerite, my Marguerite!"—his arms were round her in a clasp as strong as death—his lips seemed to inhale her very soul—she clung to him as one drowning would cling to a plank of safety—she was in a "trance of passion," dumb in its excess.

Of course, after this, the descent of the young lady could not be otherwise than facile. The poor old gentleman, her father, is got out of the way by a *lettre de cachet*, and Marguerite, deceived by a false marriage, appears to lead a not very unhappy life, believing herself to be the wife of the rich and powerful Vicomte de Valambrosa, but knowing all the while that her father is in the Bastille. In the course of time, however, an *éclaircissement* takes place, and Marguerite discovers that she is but the Hagar in a household where there is no Sarah. Thinking it now high time to look after her father, she insists upon his release, which the Vicomte, by way of compensation, effects without any difficulty. The poor old man is brought out of the Bastille a paralysed maniac, and Marguerite returns with him to the garret whence they were taken by the seducer, with the addition to the family of a little child.

And now begins another episode of Marguerite's life. There is a Brother Paul, a Benedictine monk, who is employed by the prior of his convent to go abroad, and do good among the poor. Six months he lives in seclusion, and six months in the world. When in the latter, he bears about him no outward traces of his real vocation, and it is impossible for any one to recognise in the *bon petit papa*, who does so much good, and gives such excellent advice, the monk of the convent of St. Antoine. This is Marguerite's next lover; for Brother Paul, recognising in her some resemblance to an early love, conceives the most unbounded affection for her. A real marriage follows this suit, and Paul, by practising in Paris as a physician during the six months' leave of absence, and pretending foreign business each alternate six months, contrives to conceal his ecclesiastical life from his wife and family, and his secular mode of existence from his brethren in the convent. We are required to believe that twenty years were thus passed in the successful action of a double lie, during which period, worldly competence, and a thriving, growing family had gathered round Brother Paul, when the bubble bursts. The prior of the convent dies, and Paul is elected to succeed him. This makes it necessary that he should take the oaths of a priest, and elect between his wife and his vocation. A sense of responsibility, and perhaps, also, of ambition, makes him choose the latter; and, after a pretended death and burial, Marguerite is left apparently a widow, and Paul returns to enjoy the honours of his new dignity. These, however, are but brief, for a certain inquisitive M. Perrin, who had once been in the secret

police, and was afterwards the neighbour and friend of the pretended Dr. Paul Créqui, happening to look into the chapel of the convent of St. Antoine one evening, recognises in the Prior his old acquaintance whom he had mourned as dead. Enraged at the deception and at the ignominious manner in which he is extruded when he endeavours make a scene, M. Perrin vows to expose the fraud, and in this he is aided by the brethren of the convent, of whom Paul has made enemies by the severity of his rule. Finding his ruin imminent, Paul flies, and is adjudged in his absence to sentence of death for breach of his monastic vows. Subsequently he gives himself up to justice, but obtains a remission of his sentence, at the intercession of Marguerite's old lover, the Vicomte, who happens to possess some influence at the time with Madame de Chateauroux, the lady who happens just then to be holding the issues of life and death in her fair hand.

Now we cannot deny that there is much in this story to interest the thoughtless reader who reads only to be tickled and have his sensibilities aroused. It is too melodramatic to be otherwise than interesting. Besides which, it is well written, so far as style goes, and some of the scenes are put together with a skill that does infinite credit to the ingenuity of Miss Jewsbury. But, let us ask that lady herself, is that all that she proposes to do when she sets about the task of composing a fiction? Is there no good lesson left to illustrate; have the *bandit*s of the romancers so completely used up the stock of sound and healthy morals, that she is compelled to waste her talents upon such garbage as this? Surely, oh! surely not. For what is this all about? The title, we presume, is in the form of a question, and is intended to apply to both the hero and the heroine of the story—was Marguerite right or wrong when she suffered her passion for the young nobleman to make her neglect her duty to her father? Was Paul right when he allowed his passion for Marguerite to tempt him into a perjury? Surely Miss Jewsbury can be in no doubt as to the proper reply to both these questions. Yet the end of both Marguerite and Paul is happiness and peace. To render this perfect, it but lacked the piece of morality pronounced over the impure but phthisical Lady of the Camellias—"She loved much, and therefore is forgiven."

A BATCH OF SMALL BARDS.

The Harvest Day and other Poems. By THOMAS FRANCIS. London: Whittaker and Co.

London: Past, Present, and Future. By JOHN ASHFORD. London: Hope.

Cecil and Mary, or Phases of Life and Love. By J. E. JACKSON. London: Parker and Son.

Heart Struggles. London: Partridge and Co.

Musings on Guard. London: Hatchard.

A Legend of the Rhone. In five Cantos. By M. P. B. London: Hope.

MR. FRANCIS, the author of the first book in our batch, gives us a very dreary picture of the results that would follow if bards did not periodically and publicly pour out their effusions. "For if," he says, "there were an end to doing a little business in this way, the realm of thought would soon suffer, would become cloudy, and eventually, perhaps, a settled mental darkness." This statement ought to have the effect of increasing and enriching our usual amiability. The responsibility with which we are charged is something tremendous. It is quite alarming to think that when a critic has seized a minstrel, and, to use Byron's phrase, "snuffed" him out "by an article," that he has not merely crushed a rhyming animal, but that he has actually plucked a star from the firmament. For every bard so served—and perhaps after all it served him right—there goes another star! The most trenchant critic by and by may put out most of the stars, and then only think of his having to grope his savage way like a blind Samson. For ourselves we have every desire in this matter to be conservative. When we arranged the books at the head of our article, we intended to let our destructiveness have full play, but the happy accident of alighting on Mr. Francis's preface has altered our resolve. Now let us see what light Mr. Francis has poured on the benighted world. He has given us something after, and a long way after, Bloomfield, called *The Harvest Day*, which is heralded with some pomp by a sort of master of the ceremonies, rather inaptly called the "Argument." He has also favoured us with miscellaneous poems, which have the merit of being as miscellaneous as anybody could desire. We find no fault with Mr. Francis because he has not had the opportunity of "dipping his pitcher into a classic well," but taste, as applied to poetry, is as much English as Hellenic. Some persons may call the following finely descriptive and rich in simile, but to be tender and not to run the risk of putting out another star, we will merely say that we think it a trifle too homely:

DINNER.

Crackling burn the thorns
The sooty pot beneath, which like an ocean boils;
Potatoes, turnips, beef and bacon, too,
In the huge pot are seen, with dumplings large,
Which, restless on its face, perambulate
And gambol like young lambs.

Innocent dumplings! We do not think the "lamb" which, as Mr. Dobell beautifully says in his "Balder,"

Sleeps in the meadow buttercups at noon,
A babe a-slumber in a golden crib,

has been in any way complimented by Mr. Francis's comparison. The butcher's knife is certainly more merciful than the poet's simile.

There can hardly be a greater difference in style than that observable in Mr. Francis and Mr. Ashford. Mr. Ashford is imposingly grandiloquent, and he endeavours to elevate some of the barren facts of his subject by making them march in a lofty measure. *London: Past, Present, and Future*, necessarily contains some elements of poetry. Above all cities in the world, London pre-eminently exhibits the poetry of action, the sea-like surging of abundant life; but the minstrel had been more successful if he had been less categorical. For instance, what in a metrical sense can be extracted from such a subject as "The Times Office." Yet a sonnet is devoted to this as it is to many a situation and object out of which it would be difficult to strike the fire of poetry. *London: Past, Present, and Future*, has a value not in its poems, but in its prefatory list of "Contents," such list doing much of the service of a guide-book. If Mr. Ashford has high poetic qualities, he must pardon us for not detecting them. We have an old-fashioned notion that it is necessary to understand a poem before you can determine what rank it shall hold in English literature. We do not know in what rank to place Mr. Ashford, from the fact that he is altogether above us. Our readers shall judge by a sonnet written on "Westminster Abbey." To be appropriate it should have been written on the Tower of Babel, for it was there the first confusion of tongues took place.

In the museum of ages such we keep,
Relics, more lasting swathed than Serapis;
Embalmed, in cerecloth mem'ry yields,
They sleep,
Nay, live, with us; on them that Nemesis
Of time, decay, shall ne'er imprint a kiss;
Kings of all generations, than the kings,
Who deem'd them subjects, mightier,
their power wings

Soul-sceptred o'er our planet period-
less;
The clouds of ignorance or tyranny
They struck, then, lo! the lightning
flashes woke,
And when those blinding clouds con-
fess'd the stroke,
Back, thund'ring roll'd, the hero of
that day
Stood in the light he brought—the
opening sky;
And darkness never more his form may
cloak.

We place the author of *Cecil and Mary, or Phases of Life and Love*, among the small bards, because he has not yet learnt the value of concentration. He has written some pithy, vigorous phrases, and his illustrations have much truth and some beauty, but his poems as a whole weary by expressions which frequently sink into the colloquial.

Heart Struggles, Musings on Guard, and A Legend of the Rhone, individually or collectively, did not require much intellect. They only exhibit aptitude for rhyming, and nothing more. The last shows the aptitude most conspicuously. It is one of Scott's metrical tales diluted. His rapid step, his very knack, is here:

The minstrel started up and felt
As if by instinct at his belt,

As it had been his wont to wear
Beside his staff some weapon there.

LESSONS ON MIND.

Introductory Lessons on Mind. By the Author of "Lessons on Reasoning." London: J. W. Parker and Son.

ALL THE BOOKS of this far too voluminous author have the same merits, and the same defects. They are the productions of an acute, but not of a profound or opulent mind. What the writer sees, he sees well. What he sees well, he clearly puts; but there is no insight, there are no grand thoughts, no radiant and clustering phantasies. His style seldom rises above the colloquial; it often descends into the slovenly. The author has much expository talent; and his expository talent is most successfully expended on definitions. Perhaps for neatness, sharpness, and accuracy in defining, he has no living equal. Few can we so profitably consult, if we want to ascertain the exact value of words in relation to grammar and logic. But he is no guide to vaster or loftier regions. Having never entered these regions, he is continually sneering at those who have dwelt in them, or who believe in their existence. Eminently rationalistic, he insists on the reasonable as the chief thing both in mind and in morals. If life could be reduced to the cold calculations of utilitarianism, there are no books which it would be better to place in the hands of every one than those of the present writer. But passion, and imagination, and mystery, and enthusiasm, laugh utilitarianism to scorn. The author gives us the soundest advice, the most salutary instruction, if we are longing to learn how faults may be avoided. How great genius may be nurtured and cultured, how great virtues may be created, he does not tell us, and he takes no trouble to discover. A man who is always pulling us back by the coat tails may save us from falling into a gutter or from breaking our neck; but, if we want to run a race or to climb mountains, we decline his services. That our author's works may have been of considerable use in teaching clearness of idea and precision of speech, and in checking the excesses of a false mysticism, we are inclined to believe. But it were sad if the young hearts of England, who are England's hope, are not influenced by some more colossal and generative forces than those which the able and accomplished writer wields. Were the philosophers of the Alexandrian school madmen? Were the sublimest of the modern German metaphysicians fools? Were the Mystics, travelling from abyss to abyss of the invisible and the infinite, wildest dreamers? So, perhaps, would our author have us believe. But a diviner voice than that of a triumphant logic commands us not to believe it. Faith justifies reason: reason can never justify faith. How absurd soever it may seem in the writer's eyes, we maintain that faith must ever be its own vindication. The mass of men accept a creed, not because it approves itself to their intellect, but because through electric sympathy it has conquered their whole being. Were it not so, it would be impossible for the mass of men to have any creed at all. In every page of our author's countless volumes we find the fallacy, that truth is exclusively what is logically demonstrable; whereas truth is what harmonises with the nature of the individual. The chief charm of the writer's pages, when he is not too aggressive in his rationalism, is the illustrations. These are generally apposite, sometimes more ingenious

than apposite, sometimes childish. The author's style has, probably, been modelled on that of Paley. To those who relish a pictorial or poetical style, both this writer and Paley soon grow tiresome. Keen distinctions, accurate definitions, shrewd sense, lucid statement, clever illustrations afford a banquet too slender; or, rather, they do not afford a banquet of any kind. The writers simply furnish us with the means of detecting adulterations, and we must find a feast elsewhere.

To such as deem it more important to possess a trustworthy guide on the subject of mental and moral adulterations, than to obtain a rich spiritual repast, we recommend this volume. In relation to the subject professedly treated of, it has little worth; but it abounds with those striking definitions and illustrations, and that practical sagacity of which we have spoken. The author borrows largely from phrenology, acknowledging the debt; and largely from another system, not so well known, without acknowledging the debt. His vanity is amusing. He gives extracts from his former books with as full and unembarrassed commendation as if these were by somebody else.

We marked many passages as we went along for detailed criticism; but on looking at them again, we conclude that it will be better to abstain from further comment, and leave our readers to apply for themselves to this and the author's other works the leading ideas which we have presented.

A Grammar of the New Testament Diction: intended as an Introduction to the Critical Study of the Greek New Testament. By Dr. GEORGE BENEDICT WINER. Translated from the sixth enlarged and improved edition of the original, by EDWARD MASSON, M.A., formerly Professor in the University of Athens. Vol. I. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.—Whatever may have been the case formerly, the Biblical student in this country can now no longer complain that he is destitute of those needful helps towards acquiring a sound, critical acquaintance with the Holy Scriptures, which, in Germany, are at every one's elbow. Germany is, in truth, the great storehouse of critical and philological learning; but, thanks to the enterprise of publishers, and the self-sacrificing zeal of translators, the best German works in this department sooner or later come before us, clothed in an English dress. The Messrs. Clark have long been conspicuous for the energy shown by them in conducting what they have called their "Foreign Theological Library." The present work does not form a part of that series, but may well be regarded as supplementary to it, and is in every way worthy of standing on the same shelf. Dr. Winer's reputation as a New Testament critic is at least as high as that of any scholar in Germany. He is also one who has worked conscientiously to make each successive edition of his grammar worthy of the advanced state of scholarship at the time when it was published. The present translation is an admirable one, done from the sixth German edition published in 1855, in preparing which the writer tells us that "not a single work on Biblical literature, that has appeared since 1844, has been passed over without being turned to account or at least mentioned." The main object of Dr. Winer's book, when it first appeared in 1822, was "to put some check on the unbridled license with which the diction of the New Testament was still handled in commentaries and exegetical dissertations; and to apply, if possible, the results of an enlightened philology as deduced and taught by Hermann and his school, to the critical study of the Greek Scriptures." In this endeavour we are happy to say that the writer has been eminently successful, and that we no longer find such a crop of expositors as formerly existed, whose chief aim appeared to be to endeavour to create a prejudice against the sacred writers by representing them "as unacquainted with the ordinary principles of language."

A Letter addressed to the Clergy and Laity of the Diocese of Quebec, in relation to certain Recent Proceedings connected with the Initiation of Synodical Action in the Diocese of Quebec. By G. J. MOUNTAIN, D.D., Lord Bishop of Quebec. Together with some Considerations previously prepared to be addressed to the same Parties. Quebec: Printed at the Mercury Office.—We are sorry to perceive from this pamphlet, that much the same sort of differences prevail out in Canada as here at home among members of the same Church, with respect to forms and ceremonies, some of which, having grown obsolete, it is now sought to revive. Could any word of ours, travelling so far, carry weight, we would earnestly exhort the contending parties to mutual forbearance, knowing from experience in England that, according to the motto on the title-page, "The beginning of strife is as when one letteth out water."

Church of England Monthly Review. Vol. V., July—December, 1858 and Vol. VI., No. 1, January 1859. London: Bell and Daldy.—The bound volume of this periodical presents a very respectable appearance, and contains several highly interesting articles. The new number has also one or two papers well worthy of notice, as that on "The Great Indian Problem," and "The Story of Holbein's Madonna," in addition to its useful review notices.

On the Mode of Formation of Shells of Animals, &c. By GEORGE RAINEY, M.R.C.S. (Churchill).—A portion of the matter contained in this admirable treatise has already appeared in the *British and Foreign Medico-Chirurgical Review* and in the *Quarterly Journal of Microscopic Science*. To this, however, Mr. Rainey has added fresh facts and fresh arguments. What Mr. Rainey considers to have been entirely originated by himself in this treatise is a process by which carbonate of lime can be made to assume a globular form; secondly, the explanation of the probable cause of crystallisation, and the manner in which the rectilinear form of crystals is effected; thirdly, the discovery of a process of "molecular disintegration" of the globules of carbonate of lime, by inverting the mechanical conditions upon which their previous globular form had depended; fourthly, the recognition, in animal tissues, of forms of earthy matter analogous to those produced artificially; and, fifthly, the deduction from the above fact and considerations of the dependence of the rounded forms of organised bodies on physical, and not on vital, agencies. The aim and object of this treatise is to explain by what laws of molecular coalescence the shells of animals, bone, and other animal structures are formed out of the carbonate of lime.

The Fairy Tales of Science: a Book for Youth. By J. CARROLL BROUGH. (Griffith and Farran).—This is not merely "A Book for

Youth," as the title-page says, it is *the* book for youth, and one of the pleasantest and most instructive that we have lighted upon this many a day. Giving a new illustration to the adage, that truth is stranger than fiction, Mr. Brough has moulded the "hard facts" of science into a series of charming little chapters, in which the said hard facts are clothed in the simplest and most elegant garb, so that little people may not fear to be introduced to them. To give some idea of the class of subjects treated in this manner, it may be mentioned that "The Age of Monsters" traces the dragons and hippogriffs of fiction to the monster saurians and reptilia of the pre-Adamite world; that "The Amber Spirit" gives a capital account of the history and feats of that subtle spirit Electricity; that "The Magic of the Sunbeam" affords a very good glimpse into the mysteries of the light; and "Two Eyes are better than One" an intelligible explanation of the theory of the stereoscope. "The Life of an Atom," "Modern Alchemy," "The Mermaid's Home," "Animated Flowers," "Water Bewitched," "A Flight through Space," "Tale of a Comet," "The Gnomes," "Pluto's Kingdom," and "The Wonderful Lamp" are some other of the titles given to the chapters. Added to the other attractions of the volume are sixteen well-designed illustrations by Charles H. Bennett.

Dust and Foam, or Three Oceans and Two Continents. By T. ROBINSON WARREN. (Sampson Low).—Properly described by the author as "desultory notes made ashore and afloat," and yet possessing much of that literary merit which he modestly disclaims. It would be an easy task, did our space allow us to do so, to fill several columns with amusing extracts from these pages; but we must content ourselves with a brief recapitulation of the ground and water which Mr. Warren covered during his wanderings. Having caught the gold fever, he took ship for California; touching the Brazilian coasts, he visited Rio Janeiro; thence to St. Catherine, and through the Straits of Magellan into the Pacific; up the coast, calling at various ports, to Lima, Panama, and California. Soon sickened of the diggings, he returns to New York, but speedily leaves again for Mexico, and thence to the Sandwich Islands, Manilla, China, Singapore, Australia, Polynesia, and the South Pacific. Surely here is "ample room and verge enough" for many "moving accidents"—for a more intimate acquaintance with which we must, however, refer the reader to the volume itself.

The Burns' Centenary Anniversary has not failed to elicit more than one Burns' publication. We have received a cheap and handy little edition of *The Poetical Works of Robert Burns*. Edited by the Rev. R. A. Willmott. (Routledge.) The Scotticisms are, for the most part, well explained at the bottom of each page, there is an ample glossary at the end of the volume, and the text is less interfered with than we should have expected.—*The Songs of Robert Burns, with Music.* (Glasgow: David Jack. London: Houlston and Wright.) This is called "the Centenary Edition," and will, doubtless, prove of great use to the attendants at any of the numerous "Burns' Banquets." The songs are neatly printed with the music, so that any one who can read music may be accommodated, whether his favourite ditty be "Green grow the rushes, O," "John Anderson," or "My love is like a red, red rose."

Of Educational Books, we have *Chemistry for Schools.* By DIONYSIUS LARDNER. (Walton and Maberly).—The value of Dr. Lardner's labours in the production of scientific manuals and treatises is too well known to need any re-appreciation of them *à propos* of the appearance of this useful little class book. Scarcely to be called a scientific chemist, Dr. Lardner is admirably gifted with extraordinary powers of compilation; and although possibly not versed in any known science, it is certain that he can make a book about any of them without committing any mistake, and such as will thoroughly answer the end for which it is intended. This is quite the case with the volume before us. It is intended for a school-book, and is very well adapted for that purpose. The contents are very well arranged, and the understandings of pupils will be materially assisted by the 170 well-executed engravings with which the volume is furnished.—*A Guide to Typography, Literary and Practical, or the Printer's Handbook and Author's Vade Mecum.* No. III. By HENRY BEADNELL. (Bowering).—This little serial is certainly more practical than when it was last mentioned; the chapters on the formation of compound words and syllabification will certainly repay perusal.—*Schiller's Wilhelm Tell. The German Text, with an Interlinear Translation.* By LUDWIG BRAUNFELS and ARTHUR C. WHITE. (Williams and Norgate).—The second edition of a very useful book for German students; inasmuch as it acquaints them with one of Germany's greatest authors at the same time that it instils a knowledge of the elements of German grammar.—*Paraphrasing and Analysis of Sentences.* By the Rev. JOHN HUNTER, M.A. (Longmans).—A capital little manual upon the anatomy, so to speak, of the English language, admirably adapted for the use of schools, and likely to afford great assistance in teaching the art of composition.

We have also received *The London Catalogue of Periodicals, Newspapers, &c. for 1859* (Longmans). The annual list of the periodical press issued by Messrs. Longmans, and which is of such great service to advertisers and journalists. Not only does it contain a perfect list of the metropolitan periodical press, with the addresses of the publishing offices and the prices, but also the Transactions of the various societies and a list of printing societies and clubs, not less than twenty-four of which are in successful operation throughout the United Kingdom.—*The Handbook of the Court, the Peerage, the House of Commons* (P. S. King; Simpkin and Marshall). The ninth annual issue of a very useful and well-compiled handbook, containing a fund of information as to the matters specified on its title-page.—*The Royal Blue-book for 1859.* (Gardiner and Son.) A work of reference upon the value of which it seems unnecessary to enlarge. If less perfect, it is more convenient in bulk than the *Post-office Directory*, and its contents are arranged so as greatly to facilitate reference.—*The Topography and Climate of Apsley Guise.* By James Williams, M.D. (Richards.) The second edition of a well-written pamphlet upon the hygienic advantages of a Bedfordshire village, with comparisons between that locality and other places celebrated as being particularly healthy.—*On the Draft of the Proposed New Statutes for Trinity College, Cambridge.* By G. B. Airy, M.A. (Bell and Daldy). A

hostile criticism upon the much-abused proposed statutes from the pen of the Astronomer Royal. This originally appeared in the columns of the *Athenæum*.—*The Snow's Tribute to its Maker: a Winter Sermon*. By the Rev. F. G. Simpson. (Wertheim and Macintosh.) A sermon upon certain natural phenomena, based upon the excellent injunction to "look through Nature up to Nature's God."—*The Progress of the Telegraph*. By George Wilson, M.D. (Macmillan and Co.) A familiar and readable summary of the history of telegraphy: being the introductory lecture delivered by Dr. Wilson on his induction into the professorship of technology in the University of Edinburgh.—*The Wild Flowers of England*. No. IX. By Rev. Robert Tyas. (Houlston and Wright.) This number of a very good serial work on familiar botany contains representations, pictorial and descriptive, of the periwinkle, pheasant's-eye, and other well-known English wild flowers.—*The Fifth Annual Report of the Boys' Refuge*,

Commercial-street, Whitechapel. (Mead and Powell.) A full and satisfactory account of the doings of a very valuable institution.—*The Giants, the Knights, and the Princess, Verbena*. (Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas.) A new fairy tale after the old pattern, relating the adventures of the personages specified upon the title-page. The illustrations, by Hunkil Phranck (a piece of facetiousness for Uncle Frank, we presume, are not without merit, though decidedly amateurish).—*Routledge's Shakspeare*. By H. Staunton. Part XXXIII. Containing the text of "The Tempest," with notes by the Editor, and twenty-six spirited woodcuts from the strong graver of John Gilbert.—*The Woman-Hater*. By Captain A. F. Clarence. (James Blackwood.)—*The Congregational Pulpit*, No. XLVII. (Judd and Glass.)—*The Sanitary Review*. (Richards.)—*The Pulpit Observer* (Judd and Glass).—*The Eclectic Review* (Ward and Co.)—*Literary Letter*. (New York: Charles B. Norton.)

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

MICHELET ON LOVE.

L'Amour, &c. (Love. By JULES MICHELET.) Paris and London: L. Hachette and Co.

"THE FAMILY is based upon Love, and Society on the Family. Therefore Love precedes everything." Striking, suggestive, and fruitful text, which greets you in the opening page of Michelet's new book. We cannot say, from an English point of view, at least, that the sermon is equal to the text, or that the performance bears out the hinted promise. There is much, no doubt, that is admirable both in the conception and execution of the eloquent Frenchman's latest work. The fundamental notion is worthy of all praise. Michelet's "Love," is not the "tender passion" of novelists and dramatists, which lends an interest to the three volumes or the five acts, and culminates when the happy pair are on the point of being wedded. It is that much less romantic, but at the same time infinitely more important sentiment which comes into play when the duties of a home are imposed, and the responsibilities of a family are incurred. To encourage and establish wedded love; to point out, as a monitor, the perils to which it is exposed, and, in a measure, the means by which these may be avoided; to indicate to husband and wife the virtues and temptations of each; and to inculcate a mutual discharge of duty, and exercise of self-control, as well as of reciprocal toleration, are the main objects of Michelet's little volume. This alone raises him above the ordinary crowd of poets and romancers. Nor need we say that any work, especially on such a theme, from a writer of Michelet's genius and genuine sensibility must abound in impressive, striking, and eloquent passages; and that, whatever may be the effect of particular sections, the ethical tendency of the whole will be a good one. Yet, all this being cheerfully granted, it is not, we must say, a book, the perusal of which can be recommended to the general English reader. In its physiological revelations and details, it sins terribly against English taste. The very theory which leads M. Michelet (with his usual leaning towards the weak) to exalt woman over man, and to represent her as a perpetual martyr, cannot be even faintly shadowed forth in any save a medical journal. When reviewing Michelet's late, and, in many respects, admirable book on "The Insect," we mildly blamed him for his anthropomorphic view of the tiny atoms with which he was dealing—for treating their instinctive and involuntary acts, as if these were the results of intelligent volition. In *L'Amour* a similar process is often and most painfully applied to human beings. Involuntary physiological phenomena are gravely spoken of as identical with the highest acts of human will and the noblest movements of the human heart. And in the plenitude of physiological details we are too often reminded once more that the French seem utterly ignorant of the sacredness attaching to what Goethe called "secrets known to all." Michelet is, we believe, a high-minded thinker of noble aims as well as of pure character and life; but his book, in parts, repels much, as does Balzac's discreditable "Physiologie du Mariage."

This being the case, we must now limit our manipulation of *L'Amour* to the translation of some extracts, which are not vitiated by the pervading fault of the book. Happily, there are many such, some of them sensible, some sage, others not only sage and sensible, but strikingly expressed. The following is not very profound, but it is wholesome, especially when we remember the latitude in which it is written. It is interesting, moreover, as, in some respects, a French glance at the great three-hundred-year controversy which not so very long ago occupied our newspapers and their amateur correspondents. Michelet has been comparing the bridegroom to Perseus liberating Andromeda in the fine Greek *mythus* which Mr. Kingsley paraphrased the other day. He proceeds:

Happy he who liberates a woman! who frees her from the physical fatality in which she is retained by nature, from the weakness of her isolation, from so many miseries and obstacles! Happy he who initiates her, elevates her, strengthens her, and makes her his own. It is not she alone whom he has liberated; he has liberated himself.

In this reciprocal deliverance the man, no doubt, takes the initiative. He is the stronger, the healthier of the two. He has had a strenuous education. He is favoured by the laws. The best occupations are his, and he gains much more than the woman. Locomotion is his; if he is uncomfortable he sails off. Poor Andromeda, alas! must die upon her rock; if she is skilful enough to liberate herself, to quit the spot of her imprisonment, we should say, "She is a runaway."

But once liberated by thee, dear Perseus, from how many servitudes will she deliver thee? Let us enumerate them.

The servitude of baseness. If you have happiness by your domestic hearth, you will not go of nights to seek love beneath the smoky lamps of a public ball-room, and the rapture of intoxication in the gutter.

The servitude of weakness. You will not trail along, like your sad comrade, you aged youth, pale, used-up, who makes the women smile. True love will preserve and concentrate your strength.

The servitude of melancholy. He who is strong and does the works of man; he who, going forth to his labour, leaves at his fireside a loved one who loves him and thinks only of him, thereby alone is gay at heart and joyous all the day.

The servitude of money. Take from me from this very correct arithmetical theorem: *Two persons spend less than one.*

I see many bachelors who remain such from a fear of the expense of marriage; but they spend infinitely more. They live very dearly at the *café* and the *restaurant*—very dearly at the playhouse. The Havannah cigar, smoked all day long, is in itself alone an expense. Why smoke? "To forget," they say. But nothing is more fatal. *We should never forget.* Woe to him who forgets evil! he does not seek for remedies.

The man, the citizen, who forgets, destroys himself and his country. What an advantage to have at your fireside a dependable and loving person, to whom you can tell everything, with whom you can suffer. She will keep you from forgetfulness, from idle reverie. We must suffer, love, think. There is the true life of man.

If much of the book be a physical and physiological deification of woman, it may, perhaps, be pleaded in extenuation that Michelet is attacking an opposite view broached by the old scholastics of that Roman Catholic Church with which he has been in life-long feud—a Church which consecrates celibacy. Nor are there wanting pages in which women are wisely lectured on their occasionally faulty notions of romance in a husband. Some Englishwomen, as well as many Frenchwomen, may profit by the passages which commence with this grandiose exordium:

The antique man remained beautiful and strong, and the progress of age was for him a progress in beauty. At fifty Ulysses returns from Troy, returns from a long and terrible voyage, in which every suffering has been his lot, and yet he is the same Ulysses, so much so, that alone he bends the bow which the young suitors can scarcely lift. His Penelope recognises him by his strength and by his beauty, majestic and heightened by misfortune. How is this? He has preserved himself by the majestic use of all his gifts. He has remained the same harmonious man that set forth on the Trojan expedition.

Now, take any modern man you please, the best-born and the most gifted, great in genius and in will; at twenty, he finds before him an immense and terrible machine, subdivisions of arts, sciences, and professions. The aim of life is changed. Ulysses was born to act; he acted and remained beautiful. The modern man is born to create; his speciality (the machine to be created) absorbs him; the work is beautiful, but the workman runs the risk of becoming hideous.

Women, have pity on him!

Give us credit for the immensity of the effect. And if we lose whilst mankind gains, contemplate the work—the workman a little less.

Still more direct is the following—rather inconsistent, by the way, with the praises showered in a passage already quoted—on the Andromedas of every-day life:

By the side of a woman business is out of place. She wishes herself to be the one essential business, and every other is hateful to her. She scarcely ever sets a value on the intellect, the talent, the great faculties which are often exerted for a material interest. She will know nothing about that. At the slightest hint of one's plans, of one's efforts, of what one is doing and hoping for one's family, she yawns or turns away her head. In short, women like to be rich, but not the means by which riches are to be attained.

What is the husband to do? Often he only works for her sake. Yonder husband, moderate and without an expensive desire, might, like so many others, have remained in that easy and free position which is liked in France. It is his marriage, his larger establishment, his arriving children, that have bound him to his toil, an ungrateful toil, of which he cannot even speak to her. She comes and goes, idle and disdainful, whilst he wears himself out at his task, really alone, and reserving for himself alone the thorns of life.

And have not the questions which Michelet proceeds to put to French novelists an applicability to many of our own?

How is it, I pray, that the novels which pretend to give a faithful representation of our manners never say a word about all that? Why are the men whom we see in them, husbands, lovers, or whosever else—why, I ask, are they all idle people apparently living on their means? Why do our authors and authoresses generally choose their heroes from among the class of persons who are "good for nothing" (allow me to use the strong and just expression of the people), the lazy, and the well-to-do. Why, but because, in spite of their loud democratic phraseology, they have a weakness for the world of fashion, and for the *genus* gentleman.

Many pages of the book are devoted to a melancholy portraiture of French morals, summed up in the statistically proved facts of decreasing marriages and the increasing suicides of females. We prefer to select a more cheerful passage, one in which the veteran writer deduces, from his own observation and experience, an at least æsthetic and sentimental improvement in the people whom he loves so well, and of whose superior as well as inferior qualities he is so striking a literary representative:

We must not despise ourselves and fold our arms. In that case all would be over.

We are impure, it is true; but impure water may become again fit for drinking. Our heroic fathers were not saints. The idea often found them sadly floundering in

the alough. Lo! they glance at the skies; seized by the beauty which is everlasting, they know themselves no longer. Wings have sprouted from them!

Is this people, on the whole, worse than in the days of my childhood? I see that the contrary is the fact. There remains to me from that old time the idea of a terrible aridity. Who would support nowadays the deadly tedium of the "Martyrs." The Abbé Geoffroy, M.M. de Jouy, Baour, ruled the press. No feeling for nature. Few birds. Not a flower. I saw them come in one by one;—when I was forty, the Hortensia;—when I was thirty, the dahlia, and so on. Nowadays, every hut has a rose-tree at its door, every garret a flower in its window. Between the departure of one train and the arrival of another, the railway porter snatches time to make himself a garden.

In my life of sixty years I have seen begin and develop itself one of the gravest manifestations of the human soul—the *cultus* of the dead, the care of graves. In 1810 I was twelve years old, and my reminiscences are most distinct. I remember perfectly that at that epoch a cemetery was an Arabia Deserta, where scarcely any one came. At present it is a garden, full of monuments, of flowers. The progress of wealth, no doubt, has a great deal to do with the change, but so, too, has the progress of the heart. For they come to it; for the poor find the means to bear to it wreaths and *souvenirs*. At the great epochs of the year, the wife of the poorest workman saves some pence from the bread of the family to carry flowers to the dead.

Alas! how much else that is best in the France of to-day may be compared to "the *cultus* of the dead, the care of graves"!

MANUAL OF CURRENCY.

Münz, Maass, und Gewichtsbuch, &c. (Manual of Currency, Measures, Weights, &c. By CHRISTIAN NOBUCK and FREDERICK NOBUCK.) Leipzig: F. A. Brockhaus. 1852-8.

THIS IS THE THIRD WORK of the kind compiled by two well-known German statisticians, father and son, the former of whom has not lived to see the completion of his labours. It is executed with German conscientiousness and industry, and, at the same time, with perfect applicancy to the commercial wants of every-day life. The arrangement is alphabetical and geographical, much resembling that of an ordinary gazetteer. Under the name of each great commercial entrepôt is given a complete list of the coins and other currency, the peculiar weights and measures of the district, or of the country, with statistical and mercantile notices of a kind likely to be useful to the merchant. The chief stocks dealt in on the various exchanges are detailed with full particulars of their past and present condition, and the dates when dividends are payable. No work at all comparable to it in fulness has been published in this country, and, in the absence of an English one, this manual might be found of great use in every counting-house where the German language is understood.

ITALY.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

The Season—the Theatre and Drama—Publications, Antiquities, and Art.

Rome, January 12.

WITH THE CELEBRATIONS of Christmas and the New Year, magnificent as usual, the rapid assemblage of strangers, including many of the wealthy, illustrious, and royal, has contributed to give more than common animation to Rome during the last weeks, and to satisfy the sanguine expectations of that speculating multitude who look for all profits from the foreign concourse annually streaming hither, where the idea, generally prevalent, assumes all who travel, and especially *Inglesi*, to be something Cræsus-like in superfluity of riches. The Papal solemnities at St. Peter's were attended by throngs which about as nearly filled every accessible space as possible in an edifice of such proportions. Since the last similar celebration the chief novelty to be noticed within those walls is the addition to its mosaics of two colossal heads in ovals—SS. Simon and Jude—finely conceived and faultlessly executed, now set in the marble incrustations laterally to the mosaic from Guido's Crucifixion of St. Peter. As to the music at the Nativity High Mass, in St. Peter's, I believe it is generally felt that the almost cold severity of the ancient chants, without instruments, as given by the Papal choir, is inadequate to accompany a ritual of such overwhelming magnificence. By far the most striking musical performance of this festival is that in the choir-chapel of St. Peter's during the services that begin three hours after midnight on Christmas morning, when the celebrated setting of the anthem "Quem vidistis Pastores," known here as the "Pastorale," is sung to the organ with exquisite skill; and the grandest spectacular display is the illumination of St. Maria Maggiore for the rites beginning at the same hour of (to many) impossible attendance, and reproduced at the grand vespers of the ensuing evening. Whoever has strength and spirits for it, may spend the entire night of the Christmas vigil in Rome at a succession of ceremonies that fully illustrate the devotional system of this city, from the brilliantly lit-up pomps of the Sistine Chapel and Papal Court there assembled to the sombre picturesqueness and somewhat coarse symbolism of the Franciscan Church on the Capitol, with its peasant congregation and preaching children, and *bambino* in the painted wooden group of the Nativity. In the Sistine was performed, for the first time on Innocent's Day, a "Benedictus," beautiful in its exalting adoration and rapturous tenderness, by the Abate Constantine, one of the cantors of that choir. St. Stephen's-day drew crowds to the very curious circular church, one of the most ancient in Rome, dedicated to that proto-martyr; and it is satisfactory to find this building still preserved, in all its primitive features, from the profaning hands of pseudo-restorers. On the evening of that day were opened four theatres, two for opera, the Apollo with a company in which Fraschini and Colini (as *tenore* and *basso*) have secured the earnest of a successful season. Tommaso Salvini, incomparably the finest Italian actor of the day in high tragedy and comedy, is performing at the Metastasio Theatre, with triumphs merited by his finished

and powerful presentments. Conscientiously earnest and steadfastly progressive, it may be said of him that he *cannot* act indifferently, or fail to interest in whatever character he undertakes. But the chief theatrical event of the season here is the appearance of Adelaide Ristori, for only three performances, *en route* between Florence and Naples, at the Capranica, a small but commodious house opened expressly for her company. Her first part, on the evening of Sunday last, was *Camma*, listened to with breathless attention by an overflowing audience, whose applause was fervent but discriminating. Into the merits of that tragedy by Montanelli, or of her impersonation, I need not enter, the sentences of criticism having been passed on both in Europe's first cities; but may record my impression, after seeing this great actress in almost every part she has made peculiarly her own, that in its finest scenes her *Camma* affords occasion for more concentrated power and passion than is displayed by her in any other part except the *Medea*. Scarcely could tragic performance reveal more terribly the tempests of the soul, the dread realities of an inner life struck by lightnings, as we are made witness to the transitions by which the tenderly loving woman is transformed into an avenging Nemesis. I have seen enough of Ristori through many years to be satisfied that *now*—and indeed only since her ultramontane successes—has her genius passed into its highest phase, anterior to which we had but glimpses of its capacities; and that the tempests of passion, the conflicts and tumults of the soul, *not* calmer pathos or unmingled tenderness (as in the favourite parts of her earlier career) are distinctions of the sphere in which her potent skill can assert itself. Certainly the Italian public was not the first to discover her highest merits; and it is still amusing to hear how many in Rome object to the raised prices at which her company now performs, compared with the trifle for which they used to see her in former years; to such gentlemen, indeed, the addition of some tenpence (English money) is a cogent objection against allowing themselves to enjoy the highest display of histrionic art now possible on the Italian stage!

In regard to theatres may be mentioned a project that surprises those acquainted with financial circumstances here—that for erecting a new opera house to surpass in scale and splendour every other in Rome, at an expense estimated as five million francs, which this municipality undertakes to defray, and has already engaged two architects of note, Sarti and Vespignani, for the building. The company, principally established at Trieste, and taking the name of "Belletti-Bon," has secured such esteem throughout Italy that ten of the most noted living writers for the stage in this country have promised to supply original pieces for its repertory, ten to be comedies, two serious dramas, and one historic. A comedy called "La Prosa," by the Advocate Ferrari, has been acted in Rome by the Philo-dramatic Company, both at their own private theatre and in a public one, with marked success; partly indeed due to the abilities of those amateurs, but much more to the intrinsic merits of the piece (in five unusually long acts), so decidedly one of the most brilliant and thoughtfully conceived in the modern Italian drama, that I must return to the subject in order to do it justice.

Seldom are new publications, in any lighter walks of literature, to be reported among the novelties of this place. De Rossi's voluminous work on the Catacombs is still in anticipation; but, I understand, ready in all its material. Father Garucci's publication on the Remains of Ancient Painting on Glass, found in those same subterranean, has appeared on a large scale, but in a single volume, with numerous engravings. Gaetano Moroni's colossal Encyclopædia of Ecclesiastical Intelligence and Antiquities has reached the ninth volume, but is not yet completed. From Bologna I receive a copy of a pleasing little work that may be useful for educational purposes, "Trattenimenti Morali," bearing the name of Count Ereole Malvasia Tortorelli (the translator of Layard's "Nineveh"); and from the preface learn that this is no other than an Italian presentation of an old acquaintance—familiar to the juvenile days of so many English men and women—the "Evenings at Home." As a translation it is graceful and careful, but I am more interested by the manifestations of Italian opinion in the various notes aimed at the more justly applying or correcting of principles or tendencies in the original, which, as I believe, many have objected to. The Aikin and Barbauld school, certainly, belongs to those works that tend to the separation of morality from religion.

Since the opening of winter have been resumed the sessions of the various "Accademie," or literary and antiquarian societies so numerous in Rome. The German Archaeologic Institute had its first meeting for the season on the 10th December, a day it annually honours as that of the birth of Winckelmann. Professor Henzen, who has succeeded as first secretary to the lamented Dr. Emil Braun, opened with a report on the present condition and finances of this learned and active society, showing that in the latter respect existed grounds for gratulation, funds being in a better state than last year, owing mainly to the generous patronage of the King of Prussia; and thus, he added, had the Institute been enabled to charge Dr. Braun, the head secretary, with a mission to visit the celebrated Etruscan sites, as well as to make purchases in that province of antiquity for their collection. Dr. Michaelis then read a paper on the fable of Marsyas, as illustrated by a relief on a sarcophagus in the Campagna Museum; and the proceedings were concluded by Dr. Braun with a treatise on the cast of a statue in the Lateran Gallery, which he showed, by confronting it with a relief on a medallion to be intended for Marsyas.

* A once celebrated work of Chateaubriand's.

THE DRAMA, ART, MUSIC, SCIENCE, &c.

THE DRAMA.

SYMPTOMS are apparent that the Christmas *furore* for pantomimes is abating; and if it were necessary, many obvious reasons might be found for this result. The holidays are drawing, and in many instances have drawn to a close: and it is now certain that it must be the children of the larger growth who maintain the splendours of the burlesque openings, and the outrages of the harlequinades.

At the Haymarket on Monday evening, the very dreary old comedy of "The Soldiers Daughter" was revived after a ten years' rest. We use the word because there is nothing so dreary as old finery. Poverty in weeds we may sympathise with, but beggary bedizened we must despise. Some fifty years since, a panic of invasion had seized the British public in a much surer manner than at any time since; and so strong was the alarm that a system of mock soldiering became universal. In this piping and drumming time of peace, Mr. Cherry, the manager of a strolling company, got up a play that he was determined, according to theatrical parlance, to make go, and accordingly he stuffed it full of *coups de théâtre*. He had virtue and beauty in distress, he had unbounded bank-notes from a young merchant, and in the *Widow Cheerly* he combined everything that can enchant a theatrical audience. She had unbounded and unconstrained spirits, the noblest toasts and sentiments, and uttered the praise of British valour and British hearts; she gave away her money and her time, and rattled on with metaphors drawn from military movements; threatened our enemies, and warmed the patriotism of every loyal heart, and especially cheered on the Volunteers, who were gallantly to extirpate the Gallic hordes about to be landed by Corsican Boney, on our immaculate shores. All this brought down thunders when uttered by the charming Mrs. Jordan; but half a century makes sad havoc with theatrical sentiment, and we now express ourselves very differently on these matters. The present British public seem much in the condition of an uproarious dinner party, who, having dined and become sober again, have to pay a very heavy reckoning for their fighting frolics. Consequently, "The Soldier's Daughter," *alias* the *Widow Cheerly*, is not so popular as heretofore; her toasts have become cold, her sentiments vapid, her spirits boisterous, and, altogether, she is in the condition of a once-famed beauty, whose charms having departed, seems to gain her inspiration from a source not altogether the fruit of wisdom. Such is the character an actress essayed on Monday—Mrs. W. C. Forbes, who has obtained a reputation in the principal American theatres. The lady is evidently experienced in her profession, and played with perfect self-possession, and, indeed, with considerable stage tact. She was perfectly on a level with the character, and gave all the necessary theatrical ardour to it; never shrinking from the most stazy clap-traps, or halting at the extremest flights of popular sentimentality. Her laugh has the true scenic ring, and her feminine feelings all the glow of the gaslights. An actress who has a favourable person, a dashing style, and full knowledge of stage business, shows her talents as once; and, it is hardly to be expected that further resources are at her command. This is evidently one of those engagements made more with a view of benefiting the *débutante* than the public. The really very pretty burlesque of "Undine" continues to attract.

At the Adelphi Mr. Oxenford's version of Molière's "Tartuffe" was revived on Tuesday. When originally produced at the Haymarket, it was brought out with a view of putting upon the English stage a high French comedy as closely as possible. Mr. Webster then played *Tartuffe* with great care and elaboration, as did the well-selected company. In the reproduction Mr. Webster alone re-appears in his original part; and it must be evident to any one who knows the capacity of the Adelphi company that it is not constituted to do full justice to one of the most elegant productions of the comic muse. Molière wrote for the court of a most fastidious monarch, was himself manager of the most accomplished company of come-

dians, and spoke to an audience who comprehended the rarest sarcasm and the most delicate allusions. How such a style is to be interpreted by actors, used to strike attitudes, and have all their expressions emphasised by orchestral chords, whilst they suspend the action to receive recognition and applause, may easily be imagined. The very excellencies of such players become their faults where all must be fineness and force of manner, rather than of demonstrative action. The natural consequence is, Molière's inimitable portraiture of an old French family in all its representatives, becomes extremely tedious and in parts obscure. Undoubtedly the dramatists and actors of the last age knew what they were about when they transmuted this play into our English "Hypocrite;" and gave us the coarse *Dr. Cantwell* for the subtle Huguenot preacher. The only novelty on this occasion worthy of notice was the *début* of Miss Simms, as *Elmire*, who is pleasing, lady-like, and intelligent. We hope that the new Adelphi Theatre will soon return to its old melodramatic pathos and broad farce fun; as, however genteel the theatre itself may have become, we are quite sure there is as yet little alteration in the tastes and wants of the audiences that frequent it.

On Thursday evening a pretty French-like melodrama was produced at the Lyceum, entitled "A Sister's Sacrifice, or the Orphans of Valneige." It turns on the sacrifices an elder sister makes for a young one dependent upon her, and though these are rather of the hypothetical and high-flown kind, yet they produce some very admirable situations, and afford an opportunity for extremely clever acting on the part of two of our best actresses, Madame Celeste and Mrs. Keeley. As the noble sister, Madame first gives up her lover, as his parents will not receive the younger to live with them; and, secondly, takes upon herself the disgrace of a *liaison* which has caused her sister's death. Both these are sacrifices which may be counted as works of supererogation, but they give the opportunity to Madame Celeste for some of the most truthful and touching acting we have for some time seen. She has, of course, several changes of mood to portray, from the joy of the expecting bride to the despair of a falsely accused outcast; and admirably does she display the varied emotions. Mrs. Keeley as a busybody, not absolutely vindictive, but terribly uneasy at every success but her own, showed her complete command of her art; and gave a truth and force to her comparatively poor part that nothing but the fullest command of her talents could produce. The acting of these two entirely different but genuinely talented actresses is well worth seeing; and as Emery, Barrett, and Rogers, with Miss St. George and Mrs. Weston are also engaged, it may be supposed the piece is throughout well played. The scenery is quite sufficient, though consisting of only two scenes: the shop of Genevieve the heroine; and the mountain home of *Cyprian*, the lover. It is, however, a piece that depends on the acting; and the intense effect produced in parts, and the elevated feeling produced by it altogether, prove how superior real art is to all its gaudy substitutes. Mr. Emery produced his effects genuinely within the line of nature; and Mr. Barrett, always moderate and judicious, fulfilled to the uttermost his slight character. We cannot say as much for Mr. James Rogers, though we laughed at and enjoyed his absurdities. The piece is from a French novel, and is dramatised by a gentleman of the name of French; and, we believe, is a first production. If so, it augurs extremely well for his future career, as it has some novelty in its modes of producing the distress; and in the first two act shows a moderation, and yet power, over the situations that testify to much taste and judgment on the part of the author. It was completely successful, and received the hearty *imprimatur* of a numerous audience, all the usual honours being awarded to the performers and to the author.

ART AND ARTISTS.

PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY.

THE sixth exhibition of this society is now open at the British Artists' Gallery in Suffolk-street, and is open in the evening as well as in the daytime.

The number of exhibitors is but few, and many of the most successful photographers, especially in the class of portraits, are not represented. The variety of the collection is diminished from this cause, and the quality of the whole deteriorated by the large number of second-rate portraits and other commonly known subjects. As the whole number of works exhibited approaches 700, and the number of exhibitors is less than 100, it is evident that a better selected, and at the same time a more varied and excellent collection could have been made than is here shown. The portraits may for this reason, although numerous, be quickly disposed of, for it is unnecessary to speak of those in which a body of raw, ungraduated colours is used to obliterate all marks of the photograph, and the remainder are nearly all confined to the collodion process, varied by the taste of the operator, and more or less touched as he may deem satisfactory. Mr. T. R. Williams sends a number, of great delicacy and finish, entirely untouched; and Mr. R. Cade is the exhibitor of two excellent positive portraits on glass, whilst Mr. S. A. Walker, Messrs. Cundall and Downes, Mr. A. Chloponin, the London School of Photography, and Mr. A. F. Rolfe, particularly excel in the production of clear and perfect portraits by photography alone. A series in one frame by Dr. Diamond are all extremely careful portraits, and generally happy in expression and attitude. Mr. J. C. Smallcombe also sends a frame of eight portraits, of very fair quality. Messrs. Lock and Whitfield are also not the least successful amongst the portrait exhibitors.

The number of landscape scenes direct from nature is not equal to their quality or beauty, which in many is both solemn and pleasing. First, as an extraordinary marvel, is an instantaneous collodion view of "Waves," by Messrs. Cundall and Downes, a bright sea-beach scene, with all the dash of the surf. The views of our cathedrals, and princely residences of our nobility, by R. Fenton, must be classed as the first of their kind; he also has photographs of sculpture and engraving, equally good. Mr. Frith's Egyptian views are all distinguished by a spacious, airy effect, and must be invaluable as memoranda of the monuments they represent. Messrs. Bedford and Cundall, Mr. M. Lyte, Mr. J. H. Morgan, Mr. R. Cade, and one or two amateurs, enrich this department of the exhibition.

The photographs from the cartoons of Raffaele, by Messrs. Caldesi and Montecchi, are here seen to the greatest advantage, and more noble or enthralling works have never been produced by the art. With all the blemishes of time, they still support the high claim they have always maintained to the admiration of the world. We speak of the cartoons and photographs as the same works, for, as we have before stated, the spectator loses none of the interest of the originals in gazing on these reproductions; rather, that interest is concentrated, and one of the photographs which has been coloured after the original only serves to prove that it is unnecessary for the due estimation of the grandeur of the picture. Mr. T. Thompson has also a number of the finer groups from the cartoons, and some large studies of the heads and figures, which are deserving praise for their force and splendid rich tone. Scattered through the exhibition are a number of photographs, of great interest, of paintings, drawings, engravings, &c., in various processes, which the visitor would find it curious to compare with one another. Amongst them are paintings by Raffaele, Murillo, and P. Delaroché, and works in her Majesty's collection, as well as several by English landscape painters.

We reserve for last mention a class of works which we do not admire, and think that they are beyond the legitimate bounds of photographic art—the compositions from real life, such as, "Well!" of Rejlander; "The Infant," from Shakspeare's Seven Ages; "Granny's Lesson," "Fading Away," and similar scenes. They are mostly clever, and often have good point and humour, but their studied art and stiffness is always glaringly evident.

TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

THE exhibition of the Royal Institution, Liverpool, closed on Saturday last. On November 22nd the charge for admission in the evening was reduced to twopence, the morning admission remaining at a shilling. On and from the 27th of December the charge for admission at any time of the day was twopence. The number who entered at that price was 19,160; and the total number at one shilling was 4531. There have been sales of fifty pictures effected, which have realised 600*l.* from ordinary purchasers. The majority of the purchases were of moderate values, only one being above 60*l.*, namely, "The Interior of the Port of Havre," which was bought by Mr. J. Robinson Kay. There were also eighteen pictures purchased by the Manchester Art Union for about 300*l.*

The *Bristol Mercury* says: "We have been

favoured with a peep at two or three of the pictures which our local artists have been preparing for the forthcoming exhibition of the British Institution in Pall-mall, and they are such as will do much honour to old Bristol. Syer sends two views in North Wales, both on the same stream, and as wild and picturesque in their aspect as the most ardent lover of the romantic could desire. They are painted with Salvator Rosa-like force, the masses of rock standing out from the canvas with a reality which is attained by few painters, and the trees appearing as life-like as in nature itself. In another style of art is "The two-year-olds," by Hopkins, who has far outstripped all former efforts, and produced a work which cannot fail to bring him increased fame. A couple of two-year-old colts, raw from the fields, and with coats upon which no groom has ever essayed his art, are seen feeding in a farm-yard, surrounded by poultry. Some rude buildings and a bit of distant landscape make up the picture. The colts are manipulated with the greatest nicety, and, as transcripts of nature, are as true as may be; the poultry are quite equal to Herring. We have not had an opportunity of seeing Mr Knight's pictures, but hear them spoken of by those upon whose judgment we can rely as evidencing great progress. We learn that Mr Wolfe has also prepared some very pleasing pictures."

In consequence of our mention of the opinion of M. Passavant, in the recently issued third volume of his life of Raffaele, of his conclusion on the subject of Mr. Morris Moore's picture of "Apollo and Marsyas"—for many years past the subject of different opinions in the connoisseur world—we have been asked to notice the lengthy and favourable notices of the picture which have been published by the *Débats*, *Constitutionnel*, and other Paris journals. As we stated previously, M. Passavant ascribes the picture to Timotea della Vite, a tolerable pupil of the master; others have attributed it to Lorenzo Costa, and some have been content to pass it by as of the school of Mantegna. This attribution of M. Passavant's, it must be understood, is not an unfavourable judgment of the picture, especially as it is accompanied with the opinion that it is a first-rate specimen of the finest period of Italian art. As M. Passavant is an authority on all matters connected with the reputation of Raffaele, and the acceptance of this picture as a work of his hand cannot at present, and in the absence of documentary or other tangible proof, be more than matter of opinion, we think the possessor of the picture might have well allowed the opinion to pass until better evidence of its authenticity could be furnished. Owing to the privacy in which the picture was kept when in London, we are under the disadvantage of never having seen it, and are therefore precluded from stating our opinion of its qualities or genuineness as a work of Raffaele. We, however, have the careful and delicate engraving of it by Linton, published under Mr. M. Moore's auspices some years ago, and we have minutely examined the photograph of the picture by Mr. Bingham now exhibiting at the Photographic Society's exhibition, and the photograph of the drawing of a similar composition, catalogued at the Imperial Academy of Venice, as by Raffaele; but the exact affinity of that drawing with the picture is not conclusively evident; and with every desire to support the credit of Mr. M. Moore's judgment—which, from his early recognition of other important works (as the Holy Family of Michael Angelo now possessed by Mr. Labouchere), we have the greatest confidence in—we are not able to indorse to the full the warm encomiums bestowed on the picture as a "veritable Raffaele," by Count de Laborde and other Paris connoisseurs. Judging from the engraving and the photographs, we are inclined rather, if we must give our opinion, to lean to the theory of Passavant that the painting is the work of a pupil who had studied Raffaele's style and used his drawing for the picture. If the genuine character of the painting is incontestable, how is it that Count de Niewerkerke and other Parisian art-authorities do not also recognise it. We shall be proud to assist an Englishman in proving his correct knowledge in so interesting and important a matter, and will gladly publish any facts or deductions Mr. Moore may be able to supply tending to verify his belief; but in the absence of the picture itself we can do no other than await the judgment of the first art-critics of Paris and London, rather than accept as conclusive the lengthy encomiums of feuilletonists.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

COMPARISONS, so frequently instituted between Mendelssohn's "St. Paul" and his other works, prove, at the least, the depth of the composer's mind, the vividness of his imagination, and the versatility of his powers. But in nothing is the great musician more distinguished than by the intuitive knowledge of the genius and capabilities of every instrument in the orchestra, and, above all, of combining them. Out of a harvest of examples easily to be reaped, are several striking ones in the oratorio "St. Paul," performed for the first time this season at Exeter Hall, on Friday the 14th inst., by the Sacred Harmonic Society. Like Handel's "Israel in Egypt," it

presents difficulties to the mass of singers only to be overcome by zealous determination and critical practice; and to no other account, reconcilable with fair reasoning, can its long slumber on the shelves of the Exeter Hall Society be traced. This oratorio is remarkable for the introduction of solidly-written chorales, which, in some instances, are pendants to the choruses, but uniformly in perfect keeping with the simplicity of the New Testament worship. In these, as well as in some of the more dramatic portions of the work, the poetry of instrumentation is marvellously brought out. One instance among many is the accompaniment to the celestial voices, carried on exclusively by the wind instruments, while the strings alone accompany the intermediate recitative. Nothing can be in finer taste than the effect produced by this contrast. Many in the audience observed these bright points, and estimated them accordingly. The choruses, on the whole, were perhaps never so correctly given as on Friday evening, notwithstanding the perplexities incident to intricate rhythm and elaborate modulation. In the distribution of the solo music Madame Rudersdorf and Miss Dolby sustained the soprano and contralto parts, Mr. Sims Reeves the tenor, and Signor Belletti the bass. "Be thou faithful unto death" was an example of devotional singing of the highest order. Reeves was hard pressed to repeat it, but wisely declined. Signor Belletti, as the prophet and apostle, made another advance in public estimation. He was equally skilled in the delineation of wrathful apostrophe and penitential pathos, in passages requiring declamatory or cantabile treatment, and, were his pronunciation of English equal to his vocal attributes, he would approximate that much coveted position, perfection. With reference to the singing of the ladies, we can safely apply to it the stereotyped phrase—irreproachable. The hall was crowded to excess, and numbers were disappointed in not being able to obtain admission under any circumstances. The oratorio is to be repeated on the 28th inst. with Mrs. Sunderland as the soprano vocalist.

St. James's Hall presented on Monday evening as goodly an array of music-patrons as the "Popular Concerts" have hitherto been able to boast of. Reeves, the great magnet, was announced as having recovered from his late indisposition and that his appearance might be reckoned among the things denominated "safe." Every sitting portion of the elegant building had an occupant, while not a few were content as matters stood to accept a standing order. Excepting the exquisite performances of Miss Arabella Goddard and that of the leading tenor, there was very little in the programme calling for special remark. The vocalists of the printed book were certainly of a less hackneyed character than custom so frequently forces us to comment on, at these Concerts for the People. Some of the new ballads, however, were neither remarkable for prettiness of melody, nor polish of versification. Love, that well in which all young and nameless authors dip their buckets for inspiration, formed the staple theme for the greater portion of the evening. Hence cloying followed insipidity. If departures from a beaten track be advisable, it is quite as well that an improved pathway be discoverable. Reeves sang a ballad as yet but little known to the public, entitled "Let me whisper in thine ear, bonny Kate," composed expressly for him by Balfe. This, as might have been expected, won an encore. In a ballad first made famous by Robinson, "My pretty Jane," Reeves sat down to the pianoforte, and, by the joint aid of his vocal and instrumental prowess, he evoked a storm of applause vehement as it was prolonged. To allay this, Davy's fine song "The Bay of Biscay" was introduced. The novel reading of so sterling a composition, together with a profuse and unlooked for amount of ornament, both delighted and astonished the auditory, who endorsed the song by every permissible demonstration of enthusiasm. The new may be a warrantable and improved interpretation of the old subject, but we claim the privilege granted to "all men's children," and doubt. Miss Arabella Goddard selected an air, in A, of Mozart's, which was deliciously and withal elaborately treated. A fantasia, also composed expressly for her by Mr. Benedict, having well-known and favourite Irish melodies for themes, provoked a second encore, when the "Harmonious Blacksmith" was presented. The command which this gifted artist has over all seeming difficulties, reduced these compositions to mere child's play. From the silence observed during the performance of the pianoforte music throughout the evening, and the enthusiastic cheering which invariably followed, it is quite clear that music has descended lower in the social scale than it did in the last generation, and that thousands of hearts in the great family of man are now beating with aspirations which were formerly silent and cold.

The Opera Comique performances at St. James's Theatre have been confined thus far during the week to "Le Domino Noir" and "La Part du Diable."

At Covent Garden "Satanella" remains firm.

On Thursday, the 13th inst., the Marylebone Sacred Harmonic Society gave a performance of Haydn's descriptive oratorio, "The Creation," at the Literary and Scientific Institution, Edwards-street, Portman-square. The principal vocalists were Miss Eliza Hughes, Mr. T. Dyson, of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, and Mr. Lawler. Several amateurs of well-known ability were invited to assist in the choral

department of this promising society, which they did with considerable ability. But the orchestra and chorus were on far too limited a scale to produce any great and telling effects in an oratorio's best features, and the solos consequently triumphed over the mightier music. When there are almost as many editions of Haydn's *chef-d'œuvre* as of Shakspeare's plays, the executive of such concerts as the one in question should see that an uniform edition is sung from, and that it should agree with the copy of words furnished to the auditory. Miss Hughes sang the parts of *Gabriel* and *Eve* in a painstaking manner; and in some of the beautiful arias interspersed through the work she was successful in excellent effects. Mr. Dyson essayed the music assigned to *Uriel* more to the satisfaction of the audience who were not critical than of those who were. Some functional derangement of the vocal organs was pleaded for that general success about which opinions seemed to fluctuate. Mr. Lawler, the *Raphael* and *Adam* for the time being, gave a masterly and precise reading to the arduous part assigned him. As the Marylebone Society found themselves unable to give such finish to the instrumentation as might be desired, Mr. Blagrove was pressed into its service as leader. Mr. Pettit as principal violoncello, Mr. Wells flute, and Mr. Hutchens bassoon. The room was very well attended, by some persons we imagine for the first time, seeing that they paid no attention to the etiquette of "hats off."

Miss Arabella Goddard's *matinée musicale*, on Saturday morning, at St. James's Hall, was attended both by a numerous and fashionable auditory. The music, which was of a classic character; viz., Dussek's pianoforte trio in F, Mendelssohn's quartet in C minor, Weber's sonata in E flat, with Beethoven's grand solo sonata, had the assistance of Herr Louis Ries, Mr. Doyle, Mr. Lazarus and Sig. Piatti.

The Rev. Sir F. A. G. Ouseley, Bart., Mus. Doc., delivered a lecture at Tenbury, on Thursday, the 13th inst., taking for subject "The Glee Music of England." In setting out the learned Oxford Professor grappled with and refuted the popular error, that the English have no national school of music. He cited the glee, as being so peculiarly indigenous, that none but English singers and English audiences could appreciate it. The lecturer next went into the almost untrodden field of inquiry as to the origin and perfection of glee music, and he came out with the conviction that its growth was developed from various styles of harmony in use among us anterior to the 17th century. In one respect all the part music previous to the time of Charles II., is made to differ from the genuine glee, for at that period all harmonised vocal music was sung in chorus, whereas the glee is essentially composed of pitched and few voices, one to a part only. That the word "glee" was long in use before the thing now called such, was introduced, is quite clear. It existed in Saxon times, for the Anglo-Saxon harpers and gleemen were the immediate successors and imitators of the Scandinavian scalds. After taking a leap of several centuries, the Elizabethan age was noted as one in which music made a mighty advance, a period in fact that matured the madrigal and prepared the way for the genuine glee. The operatic airs and choruses of Purcell and his contemporaries, the unextinguished rage for psalm-singing which had sprung out of the Commonwealth, combined with the difficulty at times experienced of getting up a chorus, suggested the adoption of duets, trios, and quartets. From these circumstances chiefly may the birth of the glee be traced. It is now a settled point that the glee is a composition for more than two voices, not to be sung in chorus, and always unaccompanied. Although there is a great resemblance to the madrigal of ancient times, it differs in being essentially a part song with a distinct melody in the upper part, only occasionally broken by bits of fugue and imitation of a fragmentary character, and containing occasionally specimens of simple harmony akin to that of the Caroline period. It partakes also of a semi-dramatic character, and introduces a kind of recitative; yet in spite of its consisting of so many heterogeneous materials, there is a marked and peculiar character about every real glee, which decides the style of a genuine national school not identical with that of any other nation whatsoever, and possessing beauties and excellencies peculiarly its own.

St. Martin's Hall, Long-acre, was crowded to excess on Wednesday evening to hear "The Creation" under the direction of Mr. Hullab. Miss Banks, Miss Martin, with Messrs. Sims Reeves, Santley, and Thomas, were the principals. Of a work so familiar, or the manner in which the chiefs discharged their various duties as interpreters, it is superfluous to speak. The choruses were sung praiseworthily, not only with a great and decided volume of sound, but with a nicety of perception in passages requiring subdued and delicate shades of treatment. As a whole, no performance could have been more successful.

NEW MUSIC.

Moore's Sacred Songs and Songs from Scripture. London: Longman and Co.

THOMAS MOORE was a man really useful in his day and generation, and has left a name that "posterity will not willingly let die." In his poetry

the principle of vitality is so deeply rooted that it can decay only in imagination; for, like the tree embedded in the sand, it will bud at the scent of water, and bring forth boughs like a plant. The mind of this favoured child of the muses was not impoverished by the distribution of subjects, because it was an alambic of sweets gathered from everywhere. Things which to common observers might be dull and unpromising, in his hands became rich and beautiful, and hence his poetry comes "home to men's business and their bosoms." The *Sacred Songs* of Moore have been so much the subject of critical inquiry—as well by his own idolators as by those on the other side (who have vindicated the dogma that salt water and fresh cannot spring from the same fount)—that to say many of them are transcendently beautiful is mere supererogation: it is, however, an eternal truth, and all such truths gain rather than suffer by repetition. In the songs in question there is to be traced a loveliness of conception, and a correctness of form, which all students of the beautiful will gaze at for generations to come, with the same reverence as the Peruvian at the sun, whose genial heat he feels, and whose power he traces in the fruits which spring from the teeming earth. Glancing at the table of contents we enumerate nearly forty choice *morceaux* from the pen of the luscious bard. The melodies are, in the majority of cases, extremely "rich and rare." With respect to the symphonies and accompaniments by Sir John Stevenson, there are as many objectors now as when the Doctor luckily seized the only chance—mentioned in history—of perpetuating his name, by sailing down the stream of time in the same bark with his illustrious countryman. Whatever may be the difference of opinion with reference to the fitness of the Doctor's quavers to Moore's melodies, there can be none respecting the arrangement of the "Six Songs from Scripture," by John Goas, organist of St. Paul's Cathedral. The musician is here seen in every bar, the accompaniment is properly subordinated, there is no attempt to outshine the text, but the nobler one is manifest, that of bringing the sisterhood into such beautiful relationship that

Each gives to each a double charm,
Like pearls upon an Ethiopian's arm.

In a collection so intrinsically good, to give favourite specimens would be to quote the book. Suffice it to say that, in the getting-up, usefulness has been regarded as an essential attribute; that the piety and poetry, melody and song, are so well combined, that Moore's *Sacred Songs* ought to find a home in every musical library for their intrinsic worth, and in every family circle as a handmaid to devotional exercise.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

BOTH gossip and scandal have been excited during the past week by the revelations made in the case of the young woman, Jane Newell, described as a ballet girl belonging to the Haymarket company. The story, as originally told, was that this person had been bound apprentice to M. Massol, the ballet master, and that, owing to some dispute, he had prevented her from taking advantage of any engagement, and had caused her to leave the Haymarket; that, owing to this, she had been out of an engagement, and both she and her mother (who was said to rely upon her for support) had been in great want: that she had left her home on a certain evening, and had not been heard of since. That so pitiable a case should excite the sympathy of the charitable is not astonishing to any one who knows anything of the broad and exhaustless stream of private charity which flows even at the slightest bidding; sums of money, amounting altogether to a very considerable sum, were sent to the magistrate before whom the complaint was made, and the kindest inquiries were being constantly addressed to the bereaved mother, as to whether she had gained any clue to her missing child. Unfortunately for Mrs. and Miss Newell, however, a police inspector is a great iconoclast with regard to sentimental stories of this sort. A very brief inquiry established that Miss Jane Newell had earned the very worst of characters; that she left her mother's roof to seek refuge in dissipation, and eventually in a house, the character of which is more than questionable; finally, that there is reason to suppose that the mother was acquainted with, and acquiesced in, her daughter's line of life. We only hope that this case will not have the effect of bringing odium upon a hard-working, ill-paid, and, generally speaking, virtuous class of girls. The case, however, is a singular example of the proneness to be gulled to which people with more charity than judgment are subject.

A public dinner has been lately given by a number of the admirers of a man named Bignell, the proprietor of a casino in Windmill-street, called the Argyll Rooms. This, of itself, is an extraordinary sign of the times. Another curious fact is that a lord—Lord William Lennox—was actually induced to preside at this business. What, however, astonishes us most is that, when the toast of "The Press" was proposed, a member of that body was there to respond to it, and actually did respond to it, as if honour had been done to the profession to which he belongs. In pity to that gentleman we suppress his name.

We are glad to perceive that steps are at length being taken to erect a monument to the memory of

Madame Vestris, over her grave in Kensal Green Cemetery, which for more than two years has been unmarked by any record of its inhabitant, and we trust that it will be found worthy of its purpose.

Mr. J. Townsend, M.P., recited Shakspeare's tragedy of "Othello," the other evening, from memory, to a numerous audience at the Deptford Literary Institution. The proceeds were for Mr. Townsend's benefit. A meeting of the supporters of Mr. Townsend has been held to adopt measures for presenting him with a testimonial, and a subscription has been commenced for that purpose.

A musical lecture which is likely to interest the musical world is about to be produced at the Royal Polytechnic Institution, in which Miss Roden, who made so successful a *début* in Boieldieu's opera *Calife de Bagdad* at the Adelphi, will take a prominent part.

A correspondent of a daily contemporary supplies an interesting review of the state of music on the Continent during the past year: Every year seems to add to the popularity of Italian opera all over the world. At no former period of art-history were singers better paid, and the supply by no means meets the demands of the various lyrical theatres of Europe and America. Managers are sadly in want also of a popular new composer; and yet many new operas have been produced. In 1858 were brought out in Naples, "Cesere e Cleopatra," by Zobioli; the "Due Pasquarelle," by Moretti; "Il Ritratto," by Braga; the "Giovventù di Shakspeare," by Lillo; "Estelina," by Sarria; "Il Mondo," by Valenti; the "Cantante," by Vespoli; "Matilde d'Engilterra," by Zecchini; "Laurina," by Cosentino; and the "Fidanzata del Tirolo," by Miceli. At the second great Italian city for opera, Milan, were produced, "Jone," by Maestro Petrella; the "Rinnegato," by Agostini; "Il Ritratto," by Rota; the "Pettegole," by Montuoro. At Venice, "L'Ultimo Abenceragio," by Tassarini; "I Figli di Cosimo," by Ammuller; "Vasconcello," by Villanis; "Il Matrimonio per concorso," by De Ferrari. Then we have to register at Turin, "I due Precettori," by D'Arcais; at Rome, "Il Saltimbanco," by Pacini; the "Fidanzata d'Abido," by Sandi; at Vienna, the "Duchessa di Bracciano," by Canetti; at Mantua, "Veronica bybo," by Graffigna; at Florence, "Enrico di Svevia," by Tommasi; at Ancona, "Il Conta di Stennedof," by Zabban; at Parma, "Il Conta di Leicester," by Baur. The Italian journals have spoken highly of many of these operas, but we strongly suspect very few will be enshrined in the permanent Italian repertoire. The Parisian Grand Opera during the past year has produced "La Magicienne," by Halévy, an opera of doubtful success. The Opéra Comique, on the contrary, has produced a long list of novelties, amongst which may be mentioned: "The Désespérés," by M. Bazin; "Quentin Durward," by M. Gevaert; the "Chaises à Porteurs," by M. Massé; the "Fourberies de Marinette," by M. Creutz; "Chapelle et Bachaumont," by M. Cressonnois; the "Bacchante," by M. Eugène Gautier; and the "Trois Nicolas," by M. Clapissin. Amongst the singing artists who have been taken from us during the past year, are: Lablache, Madame Daire, De Chaudaignes, Sallard, Darius, Léon Bizot (tenor), Bauche, Madame Duflot-Maillard, Hermann Léon, and Katinka Heinefetter.

"A Violinist" thus writes to the *Evening Herald*:—Just at the present time, when musical parties are the thing, and everybody is voted a bore if he or she cannot sing or play, allow me to relieve my agony by a word of denunciation of certain publishers who obtain our money on false pretences. The increasing demand for music and the invention of musical type have fostered a system which is an injury to composers, to proprietors of copyright, and to the public. No sooner does a song prove itself saleable than forthwith the melody is seized upon and published in a marvellously cheap form—till it is tried, when it is found to be very dear. We then learn that it is spurious; that the melody has been altered for the worse to save copyright penalties; that the accompaniment has been levelled to an unmeaning iteration which the author of the original would hear with horror; and that the old tune in fact has been tortured to suit the cash-book of the enterprising publisher. Is there no remedy for this? For a thing to be cheap, it must be true and good; pirated copyrights and "popular" collections are generally neither. There is another nuisance about this music for the billion; much of it is so painfully small that two people cannot by any cleverness even sing from the same piece, far less play from it. The printers of the folio music at least print as if they were not ashamed of themselves, but others, although they might sing in chorus, "Ob, I am a pirate bold," seem to have a horror of bold type. I am no friend to the full-priced copper-plate music, simply because I cannot afford it; but deliver me from music which, with good eye-sight, I can see with difficulty, and from which, when I hear, I start back with horror even at the sound myself hath made, thanks to the printed variations never intended by the original author."

The New York *Commercial Advertiser* says: "An evil that we have long feared, and respecting which this journal has repeatedly raised a warning voice, seems already to have become an 'institution' of the city of New York. We refer to Sunday theatres and places of amusement. A contemporary names

three or four of these as being in full operation on last Sunday evening, and crowded to suffocation. The performances were theatrical representations, music, dancing, shooting galleries, lotteries, billiards, &c., with drinking *ad libitum*.

THE POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—The necessary repairs having been completed, the lectures and general entertainments at this popular establishment have been resumed, and the public, by whom the exertions of the proprietors and of all persons employed are properly appreciated, have not been backward in their patronage. Amongst the most attractive of the novelties is the lecture of Professor E. V. Gardner, on fire-resisting materials, which are practically illustrated by Signor Buono Core, who walks through flame and fire unscathed, not even a hair of his whiskers suffering from the scorching element in which he appears to delight. This is of itself a most amusing exhibition, and ought to be witnessed by everybody.

SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE SOCIETIES.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—On Wednesday evening, a large number of artists were attracted to the Society of Arts, for the purpose of hearing a lecture on "The Arts, Artists, and Manufactures of England, from the latter half of the Eighteenth Century to the Present Day," by M. Théophile Silvestre, an art-critic of some standing in France. The chair was taken by Sir Charles Eastlake, the President of the Royal Academy, and the author proceeded to read his paper in French, a printed copy of the same having previously been placed in the hands of each member. The author began by explaining that he had come over to England in obedience to the order of the French Government to study the English School of Fine Art, and he expressed especial gratitude to the Society of Arts for having, for the first time, allowed a paper to be read before them in a foreign language; as, had not this been permitted, he would have been unable to do anything like justice to the highly-interesting and important subject which he had undertaken to treat. He then passed in rapid review some of the more important services rendered by the Society to the arts, mentioning also a few of the more remarkable instances in which it had been able to further the progress of commerce; and expressed a hope that, as it was the originator of the Great Exhibition of 1851, which had been so brilliant a triumph, so it would be able again to contribute so much to the furtherance of the arts of peace, and consequently to the discouragement of war, by carrying out with similar success the present proposal of holding another Great Exhibition of 1861. Passing on to the more immediate subject of his paper, M. Silvestre proceeded to speak of some of the earlier masters of the English school; criticising at considerable length the works of Hogarth, whom he regarded as the true founder of that English school which now commands the admiration of Europe. He thought the unfavourable opinion expressed of him by Walpole was most unjust; and expressed his surprise that Mr. Burke should have ignored so great a painter in his anxiety to exalt the genius of Reynolds. The merits of the last-named master next came under review; his various beauties being pointed out in some detail. The influence of Wilson on the art of landscape-painting, which before his time had degenerated into mere mannerism, was, in M. Silvestre's opinion, most salutary—his works being founded on attentive and earnest study of nature. The productions of Gainsborough were imbued with a certain indefinable charm which effectually disarmed hostile criticism; and his power of expressing all the most delicate nuances of the female character could hardly be overrated. M. Silvestre then passed to the works of James Barry, whose devotion to a particular class of high art had so much fettered his genius. After touching briefly upon Flaxman, and discussing the various and remarkable merits of Sir Thomas Lawrence, whom he regarded as the true creator of the modern school of portrait-painters, M. Silvestre proceeded to express his admiration of the productions of Wilkie, whose inferiority to Hogarth, however, he pointed out and explained. He then expressed his regret that the time allotted him rendered it impossible to do justice to the works of West, Jackson, Constable, Turner, Etty, and many others of the modern school, to whose merits he would have been so desirous to pay some tribute. He would not attempt to enter upon the criticism of the works of living artists, as he was now occupied in the preparation of a work on that subject. In conclusion, he passed a high eulogium upon the encouragement given to Art by the people of England. A discussion ensued, in which Messrs John Bell, C. Wentworth Dilke, James Fahey, William Hawes, Lavanchy, Sir Thomas Phillips, M. Digby Wyatt, and the chairman took part.

STATISTICAL SOCIETY.—A meeting of the fellows of this society was held on Tuesday morning, in their rooms, in St. James's-square—Colonel Sykes in the chair. Mr. Edwin Chadwick read a paper on the results of different

principles of legislation and administration in Europe as regards the regulation of competition; his object being to show the advantages of restricting competition within the field of service, and of permitting it only for services not previously provided for. He commenced by directing the attention of the meeting to a tabulated statement of the results of the different railway systems in the principal countries of Europe, pointing out the effects of competition within the field of service, as in England, and results where competition had been prevented by the management of railways being in the hands of the government. It appeared from that table that the average cost of railways per mile in England has been 39,275*l.*, the average working expenses 1564*l.*, and the average earnings 3161*l.*, with a population of 304 on the square mile. In France the average cost has been 25,668*l.*, the working expenses 1191*l.*, and the average earnings 2706*l.*, with a population of 168 to the square mile. In Prussia the cost has been 14,486*l.*, the working expenses 1248*l.*, and the average earnings 1983*l.*, with a population of 198 to the square mile. As regards the railway fares in those countries, whilst the average of first-class fares is in England 2-01*d.*, in France it is 1-55*d.*, and in Prussia 1-4*d.* per mile. The average payments to the shareholders have been in favour of the Continental railways—the dividends in England having averaged in 1857 about 3-88; whilst in Prussia, in the same year, they were 7-44 per cent. The safety of the Continental railways was also represented as being much greater than that of the railways in England—the number of accidents recorded in France showing that railway travelling in that country is seven times less dangerous than in England, whilst in Prussia it is sixteen times less dangerous. Mr. Chadwick said the difference of results against England shown in this table is attributable to the different conditions of competition, one of which insures to the public the most responsible, the cheapest, and the best service, and the other creates inevitable waste, raises prices, checks improvement, engenders fraud and violence, and subjects the public to irresponsible monopolies of the worst sort. Proceeding from railways to consider other public works in which competition within the field of service has been permitted, Mr. Chadwick noticed the injuries and losses which had been sustained from permitting several competing water companies and gas companies to lay down mains and pipes in the same district. Mr. Chadwick illustrated his argument by a variety of statistical details, contending that the right administrative principle to be adopted, is to put up the whole field of service on behalf of the public for competition, on the only condition on which efficiency, as well as the utmost cheapness, was practicable, namely, the possession, by one capital or by one establishment, of the entire field, which could be most efficiently and economically administered by one, with full securities towards the public for the performance of the requisite service during a determinable time.

SCIENTIFIC ITEMS.

THE OCCULTATION OF VENUS BY THE MOON.—In Australia this beautiful astronomical phenomenon, so rarely observed by the non-astronomic multitude, took place during the day and in the stellar position specified, and was plainly visible to the naked eye. Venus, shining with a pale subdued brilliancy, suddenly disappeared from view behind the unilluminated portion of the Moon's disc. Immediately previous to her disappearance, the well-known illusion caused by estimating the Moon's superficies from her illumined portion made it positively appear as though the planet were visible through the body of the satellite. One moment more and Venus ceased to be, no dark spot in the firmament betrayed the presence of the shadowed portion of the Moon, and it seemed as though the bright star had suddenly been extinguished. After the lapse of some two hours, she emerged from her concealment, and was visible close to the crescent.

A LUSUS NATURE.—The *Liverpool Herald* gives a marvellous account of a curious monster, said to be exhibiting in that town—a talking and intelligent fish. Most people must have heard of the whistling oyster; but it must be confessed that a talking fish is something quite out of the common. The account given by the *Liverpool Herald* is as follows: "For the purpose of exposing what we considered to be a wretched imposition, we entered the exhibition room, and the result was, we beheld the most extraordinary amphibious animal ever produced, and, in justice to its owner, made known our impressions. The consequence is that the creature is now the talk of Liverpool, for thousands have acted upon the axiom that 'seeing is believing.' At the same time we meet with many well-informed persons who ridicule our statements because they have not seen. We are not at all surprised at this, for nothing but *ocular proof* can satisfy the mind where such extraordinary powers are stated to exist in one of the fish species. The intelligence of the creature is far higher than anything yet known in the animal world. It appears perfectly to comprehend the language addressed to it, and its fine expressive eye watches with lively interest every movement of its exhibitor. Its length is apparently about eleven feet in the

confined space in which it is kept, but it has the power of protruding the neck and shoulders considerably, which is seen when it erects itself, at the bidding of its keeper. Besides distinctly pronouncing the words 'mamma' and 'papa,' it can now call for 'John,' the man who attends upon it. In fact, we verily believe, from its tractability and high instinct, that it will yet be taught to speak several words, and performs many antics that would now be deemed impossible. It is as docile as a tame dove, and yet possesses all the power of a ferocious animal. We omitted in our former notice, to observe upon the singular construction of the fins, or hands, on both sides. These will bend and develop a hand, with joints like the human hand, wrists, and elbows. At command it presents either the right or the left to its keeper. At night it reposes on damp boards, and will exist for days out of the water. On its passage to Liverpool it was five days without food of any kind, for it consumes nothing but fish, and yet sustained no injury. Its breath is, singular to state, perfectly sweet, and its docility such that ladies and children may approach it without the slightest trepidation. A very short acquaintance makes it familiar with a visitor, and it evidently appreciates kind words. All this we state from personal experience of the habits of the animal." It would perhaps be as difficult to paint the lily as add to the attractions of this singular statement. With regard to the efficacy of "ocular demonstration," we should certainly, in this case, be inclined to prefer *auricular*.

DIPHTHERIA.—We call the attention of our readers to a series of papers now appearing in the *Lancet* upon this new and terrible disorder. We understand that they are from the pen of a young and most rising man who has already risen to great honour and distinction in his profession; and as they are addressed to a subject which has now forcibly seized upon public attention, we cannot doubt that they will prove of the deepest interest even to non-professional readers. We shall defer any detailed observations upon these papers until the series is completed.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday, Jan. 24.—Royal Geographical, 8*l.* 1. "Journey in Mexico," by Charles Sevin, Esq., F.R.G.S. 2. "Reports from Captains Burton and Speke, of the East African Expedition, on their discovery of the Lake Ugiji." 3. "Notes on the Aurora Borealis in Greenland," by J. W. Taylor, Esq.—Royal Institute of British Architects, 8.
Tuesday, 25.—Royal Institution, 3. Professor Owen, "On Fossil Mammals."
Wednesday, 26.—Society of Arts, 8.
Thursday, 27.—Royal Institution, 3. Professor Tyndall, "On the Force of Gravity."
Friday, 28.—Royal Institution, 8*l.* W. R. Grove, Esq., Q.C. V.P.R.I., "On the Electrical Discharge, and its Stratified Appearance in Rarefied Media."
Saturday, 29.—Royal Institution, 3. Dr. W. A. Miller, "On Organic Chemistry."

LITERARY NEWS.

THE Publisher's Circular announces that the firm of Chapman and Hall, the well-known first publishers of "Pickwick," and other works of Mr. Dickens, and recently of Mr. Carlyle's works, have admitted into the partnership Mr. Frederick Chapman, the nephew of Mr. Edward Chapman, who has long taken an active part in the conduct of the business: the title of the firm remains the same.

The *Athenaeum* says: "A new illustrator of Shakspeare has entered the field in the person of the Lord Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench, Lord Campbell. During a recent vacation in Scotland, he turned his attention again to our great dramatic poet; and, reading over his plays consecutively, he was struck by the vast number of legal phrases and allusions they contain, and by the extreme appropriateness and accuracy of their application. He began noting and remarking upon them, giving them such explanations and elucidations as his vast experience and knowledge of the law enabled him readily to furnish. He has since put them into more regular form and order, and is printing them in the shape of a familiar letter to Mr. Payne Collier, who, in his recent "Biography of Shakspeare," states that there are more indications in Shakspeare that he had in some way, early in life, been connected with the legal profession, than are to be met with in all the works of contemporary dramatists put together. Lord Campbell's contribution to our small stock of information regarding the life and productions of the poet is nearly ready for publication."—His Lordship is perhaps not aware that the subject has already been treated very fully in an able little brochure by Mr. William Rushton, of Liverpool. Still, Lord Campbell's great knowledge of law will doubtless enable him to furnish many new lights.

A Bath paper states that Samuel Lucas, Esq., formerly of Bristol, has been appointed Distributor of Stamps for the county of Derby. Mr. Lucas is well known in the literary world as the first editor of the *Press*, and one of the present literary critics of the *Times*.

It is currently reported in Dublin that Mr. White-side, the Irish Attorney-General, has resolved to abandon Enniskillen, and start for Dublin University. The alleged acceptance by Mr. Spurgeon of the offer of 10,000*l.* in payment of his engagement with the Transatlantic Churches, is contradicted by the *City Press*, on the authority of Mr. Spurgeon himself,

who "declined the offer." Mr. Spurgeon purposes to set sail for America shortly, but not on the terms above referred to.

Mr. S. C. Hall will deliver, at Willis's Rooms, his series of "Written Portraits of the Authors of the Age," which have been already announced in these columns: the first part on Friday evening, the 28th inst., and the second on Friday, the 4th of February.

One hundred members of Parliament have now identified themselves with the Newspaper and Periodical Press Association for obtaining the Repeal of the Paper Duties. This amount of strength speaks well for the cause. An agitation that starts with 100 vice-presidents, each writing M.P. behind his name, must be held to have commenced its career with a very remarkable success. The rest will follow. Arrangements are in progress for a deputation to the Government, and it will include leading men connected with the press of Scotland and Ireland, as well as of England.

Mr. Cassell delivered a lecture, on Tuesday evening, at the Town Hall, Birmingham, on "Popular Education: the Moral and Intellectual Advancement of the People obstructed by the Paper Duty." It was well attended and loudly applauded.

That the article in *Fraser's Magazine* on "Furniture Books" has given great offence to some of the publishers is obvious from the following not unreasonable expressions in the last number of the *Publisher's Circular*: "Publishers like criticism and court it, and artists never shrink from it; but this consists simply of abuse and mis-statement, not one word of criticism in the article: the animus of the writer is evident, by his characterising the beautiful books offered to the public the last two seasons as 'wilful defacements of the tombs of the poets;' and again, some of the choicest designs and elaborate cuttings produced at unlimited prices stigmatised as 'flashy woodcuts;' and the writer's statements may be judged by the falsity of what he asserts as to the number of Mr. Birket Foster's designs of the present year—we have the artist's own authority to say that the writer has just doubled them; and again, by his assertion that Mulready's, Webster's, and Frith's talent is beyond the price publishers will give: now Mr. Frith never illustrated a book in his life, and Mulready's and Webster's designs ornament two of the books most abused as 'disfigured with an ingenuity beyond belief,' and in one of which there are not less than thirty-nine designs by Royal Academicians."

Cardinal Wiseman is to lecture in Liverpool next week for the benefit of the Catholic Institute. The subject selected is "Is the present education of the poor of a sufficiently practical character, or can this be imparted to it?" He has also acceded to the request to deliver a lecture to the members of the Greenwich Literary Association, the subject of which is the "Difficulties of literary forgeries."

On Tuesday evening a *soirée* was given at King's College by Dr. Jelf, the Principal, to the students of the evening classes, to celebrate the success which had attended the formation of these classes. The Bishop of London, Dr. McNeile, and others were present. The lecture room was thrown open for the display of works of art, and the lecture on the electric light was delivered in a smaller room by Dr. Goodeve. Dr. Jelf, the Bishop of London, and Dr. McNeile addressed the company.

The literary world has been filled with gossip this week, as to the coming Burns Centenary Celebrations. A correspondent of a Manchester paper supplies some interesting information as to the preparations for the Centenary Celebration at the Crystal Palace. I hear (he says) of several autographs, *inter alia* that of "Scots wha hae," "Highland Mary," and the "Elegy on Maillie," the two former lent by Mr. Henry Stevens, the American book agent and book collector; the original portrait by Nasmyth, lent by Colonel Nichol Burns (one of the poet's sons), and the copy of the same, now belonging to Mr. Richardson, an old friend of Sir Walter Scott. This copy was painted by Nasmyth, from his own original picture (then the property of Mrs. Burns, the poet's widow), in 1820, when the original picture was exhibited at the Great Edinburgh Festival in the poet's honour, held in that year. From Nasmyth's hands it passed into those of Jeffrey. Jeffrey bequeathed it to Lord Rutherford, and Lord Rutherford to Richardson. Besides those relics, the Directors will exhibit many letters of the poet; a lock of his hair—largely dashed with grey, young as he was when it was cut from the dead head—and one of his "Bonnie Jean's"—snow white. Colonel Nichol Burns lends the Crystal Palace Directors his father's *estritoire*, at which he wrote "Tam o'Shanter" and many other of his best compositions. I am informed that the judges have made their award of the prize offered by the Crystal Palace Company for the best poem in honour of the poet, though they have not yet sent in their report to the directors. The number of poems has exceeded 600. In this vast mass there must have been loads of rubbish; but I am assured that the chaff has given more grains of wheat than the judges anticipated, and that they are anxious that a selection of some twenty or more of the unsuccessful poems should be printed with the one to which they award the prize. The proposition shows, at all events, that the judges are not afraid to lay open their selections to challenge and comment.

I am assured by one of the judges that the bulk of the poems sent in for the Crystal Palace prize appear, by internal evidence, to have emanated less from the literary class than from merchants' clerks, lawyers, young men employed in railways and warehouses, and even common labourers. Some, for example, have been indorsed on deed skins; one is said to be the composition of a labourer's daughter, who was never fifteen months at school, nor fifteen miles away from her home; and one is even said to be the *bonâ fide* composition of a North country labourer, who can neither read nor write, and who must thus have both made acquaintance with Burns, and sent in his poem, by proxy of some better-educated neighbour."

In addition to other memorials of the poet already contributed for the Crystal Palace festival, there has just arrived a life-size statue of Burns, by Thom, the sculptor, liberally contributed by Mr. Taylor, and conveyed from Scotland free of charge, by the London and Edinburgh Shipping Company. The celebrated Taylor portrait of the poet has also arrived, and will be placed side by side, for the first time, with the original gem by Nasmyth. Photographic copies of these copies are in course of production, by Mr. Walker, photographer, of Margaret-street, Cavendish-square, and will be purchasable at the palace.

A contemporary says: "It is rumoured that Professor Aytoun, of Edinburgh, is the successful competitor for the Crystal Palace prize poem. [If this be founded on direct information, one, at least, of the judges must have broken the trust reposed in him. It is more probable, however, that this rumour is based upon surmise, founded on the supposition that the Professor is a candidate for the prize (which we do not believe), but to which his refusal to act as judge gave some colour.—ED. CRITIC.]

The Kilmarnock Burns Club having offered a 5*l.* gold medal for a prize poem in honour of Robert Burns, 14 competitors have sent in their MSS. The Rev. Mr. Buchanan, editor of the *Ayr Observer*, has undertaken the onerous task of judge.

The centenary of the birthday of Robert Burns will be commemorated by a banquet, to take place at the Guildhall Hotel, Gresham-street, on Tuesday, Jan. 25th. James Hannay, Esq., will preside. Kenny Meadows, Esq., and several literary gentlemen will be present on the occasion.

The *Scotsman* says that the following extract from a letter received yesterday from Lord Brougham will be read with much regret: "I do assure you most unfeignedly that it gives me very great pain to find myself after all in the utter impossibility of being in anything like time to assist at the meeting of the 25th. Even should the reports which have reached us of Parliament meeting before the usual time prove well founded, I shall be wholly unable to leave this part of the country in time to attend. The very earliest moment I can possibly be in London is the beginning of next month. I always, as you may remember, considered my return as most doubtful; but accidental circumstances, which I could not foresee, have rendered it impossible. It is needless to add how great a disappointment this is to me, and I can only hope that it may not have proved inconvenient to those who arrange the meeting." Lord Brougham having intimated that it will be impossible for him to be present, the chair has been assigned to Lord Ardmillan, one of the judges of the Court of Session—an Ayrshire man, and an enthusiastic admirer of Scotland's national poet. Mr. Sheriff Gordon and Mr. Moncreiff, M.P., will discharge the duty of croupiers, and among other gentlemen named as likely to take part in the proceedings are the Lord Provost, Lord Neaves, Professor Blackie, Mr. Robert Chambers, &c. There is likewise to be a "tea banquet," held in the Corn Exchange, under the auspices of the Total Abstinence Society, and also *soirées*, concerts, and balls, for the working classes.

A meeting of those favourable to opening a subscription for presenting a gift to the daughters of the late Mrs. Begg, was held on Tuesday, in the Town's-buildings, Ayr, Captain M'Taggart, of Seaford, in the chair. The following resolutions were moved by Mr. T. M. Gemmell, of Frankville, and seconded by Mr. William Stewart, of Gearholm, and carried unanimously: "That this meeting resolves to open a subscription for the purpose of presenting the nieces of Robert Burns—daughters of the late Mrs. Begg—with a gift in commemoration of the first centenary celebration of the Scottish poet. That should the sum collected for this purpose exceed 1000*l.*, it shall be in the power of the aforementioned committee to invest any portion of the overplus for behoof of such other surviving relative, or relatives, of Burns as they may think entitled to receive it. That the secretary be instructed to invite the co-operation in this movement of all the admirers of the poet throughout the world, and, with that view, to open communications immediately with parties at a distance. That ordinary subscriptions be limited to 1*l.*, and a minimum of 1*s.*—special donations being unrestricted." An influential committee was then formed for the purpose of carrying the above resolutions into effect.

A large and influential meeting of the Glasgow stewards took place on Tuesday week, in the Religious Institution Rooms, to complete the final arrangements for the Burns Centenary Festival. Sir Archibald

Alison, who occupied the chair, stated that everything gave promise that the meeting in Glasgow would be most successful. He had that morning received a letter from Colonel Burns, son of the poet, accepting an invitation to Possil House; and Sir David Brewster, the Hon. Judge Haliburton, Mr. Monckton Milnes, M.P., Mr. Samuel Lover, and other distinguished gentlemen, had cordially agreed to take part in the proceedings.

The Caledonian Society have issued cards of invitation to a dinner to be held at the London Tavern, on Tuesday, in honour of the anniversary. Robert Marshall Esq., the president, in the chair.

Among the announcements of new works we observe that Messrs. Hurst and Blackett include among their forthcoming publications, "Memoirs of the Court of George IV.," from original family documents, by the Duke of Buckingham, in two volumes; "Oceola," by Capt. Mayne Reid, in three volumes, with illustrations by Weir; a new novel entitled "Creeds," by the author of "The Morals of Mayfair;" and new works by the author of "John Halifax," Mr. James Hannay, and the author of "Discipline of Life," &c.

"Personal Memoirs of Charles II. with sketches of his Court and Times," by Captain Clayton, in two volumes, with portraits, is just ready for publication by Mr. Skeet, of King William-street, who has likewise just ready, "An Account of the French in Africa," by Captain Cave, in one volume.

Mr. Nutt and Messrs. Williams and Norgate have conjointly undertaken an edition of the Vatican New Testament, and we believe its preparation for publication is very far advanced.

The *Leader* states that Mr. Dickens is preparing for the press a new volume of tales, and that the literary speculations of that gentleman in future will be confined to new publishers.

The *Moniteur* announces its intention to start a bi-monthly review, to be entitled the *Revue Européenne*. It will be conducted by men of no ordinary ability, but in its columns we must only look for *chefs d'œuvres* in the art of making the worse appear the better reason.

M. Regnier, an advocate, and author of several literary works, has just entered holy orders. He celebrated his first mass a few days back at the church of the Cordeliers, at Nancy, his father, who is 80 years of age, assisting him in robing and preparing for it.

The late M. Béranger's executors are advertising for the co-operation of the friends and correspondents of the poet to publish a complete edition of his correspondence. They intend to make a complete collection of his letters with a view to publication. An unreserved collection, free from official supervision, would afford not only delightful reading for this generation, but material for future historians.

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MR. DODD AND THE DRAMATIC COLLEGE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—Will you allow an old subscriber and a constant reader to express the great gratification he has received from your excellent remarks upon the affair of Mr. Dodd and the actors.

The public have had quite enough, the actors will find *too much*, of this question to allow me to revert to more than one portion of it, and that is the grossly illiberal and ungentlemanly allusion made by some one at the meeting, upon Mr. Dodd's occupation. In a commercial country like England, in the sole limited monarchy in the world, in which nobles of governments Montesquieu has wisely said, "The aristocracy must be constantly fed from the people," such a remark could only remind one of Lord Shaftesbury's elegantly turned periods: "He who laughs and is himself ridiculous, bears a double share of ridicule." This person was not only ridiculous; he was contemptible. Where, likewise, was the good taste of such a remark in a meeting presided over by Lord Tenterden, whose father was one of the strongest instances that can be adduced of merit raising itself from a low situation? To the scholar Mr. Dodd furnishes a most happy association. The greatest character of antiquity, the man with whose genius the sun of a state rose and sank, *Epaminondas* was *scavenger of Thebes*, and Plutarch tells the circumstance exaltingly, with one of his most striking aphorisms.

I am pleased to be able to say I knew Harry Dodd five and forty years ago, when he began business in a humble way in Old-street-road, and it warms my heart to think that honest industry has placed him in such an honourable position. But, Sir, I not only knew Harry Dodd at his starting, but I equally knew Robert Vernon, when he took the business in Halkin-street, of Messrs. Hall, and made the fortune, as a *job master*, which enabled him to leave his unprecedented bequest to his country. The history of the world, from the Medici to Harry Dodd, proves that the arts have been more indebted for patronage to successful trade than to landed wealth. Mr. Dodd's occupation has no right to be singled out as sordid; the greatest merchants deal in articles mean and disgusting in themselves. I remember the circumstance of John Kemble being detained by a contrary wind for a night at Calais, during which he was consoled and delighted by the company of a gentleman similarly circumstanced. Neither of them had any objection to a glass of port wine, and when they parted it was with a wish to meet again. Upon exchanging cards, John Kemble read, "David Anderson, dust contractor, Gray's-inn-lane." Now, John Kemble was not a bad judge of a gentleman; and, though that may have no weight, I know that David Anderson was as fine and handsome a man as his night's boon companion. Monsieur Dessin seldom saw two such men together.

I have no other object in this letter than to express my contempt for a feeling which I hoped good taste had nearly destroyed, and to offer my advice to a craft with which I am pretty well acquainted. If they wish their profession or their charities to succeed, let actors remember they are not always before the lamps, and let them refrain from letter-writing and speech-making.

W. R.

OBITUARY.

WORDSWORTH, Mrs., the widow of the poet, died at Rydal Mount, near Ambleside, on Monday night last, the 17th. The *Morning Post* says that she had reached beyond the age of fourscore years, and passed away tranquilly after a short illness. She was of so great assistance to her husband in all the works he gave to the public that she was a not unimportant member of the literary world, though a silent one. Her life was long, and it was as pure, beautiful, and useful as the most ardent admirer of English domestic character could imagine. The poet could not have been blessed with a household companion more meet for him; and, better still, the poet knew and felt the blessing he possessed in such a companion—

"A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright,
With something of angelic light."

For some years past Mrs. Wordsworth's powers of sight had entirely failed her; but she still continued cheerful and "bright," and full of conversational power as in former days. Quiet as her life was, there are few persons of literary note to whom she was not known, and very general will be the regret for the loss of so excellent a woman.

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NOTICE.

THE CRITIC IS REMOVED
TO
19, Wellington-street North, Strand, W.C.
To which address all Communications, Advertisements, &c., should in future be sent.

DAY OF PUBLICATION.

TO accommodate the Country Trade, and to facilitate the transmission to the provinces, THE CRITIC, from and after the commencement of 1859, will be published at 12 o'clock noon of FRIDAY. All Communications, Advertisements, &c., must reach the office not later than 5 o'clock p.m. on THURSDAY, to insure attention in the current number.

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EXTRAORDINARY Display of New and SECOND-HAND FURNITURE, covering a space of more than 60,000 square feet.—J. DENT and Co., Proprietors of the Great Western Furniture Bazaar, 30, 31, 32, and 33, Crawford-street, Baker-street, beg most respectfully to invite the attention of purchasers of any description of FURNITURE to their present Unrivalled Stock, consisting of entire suites of drawing, dining, and bedroom furniture, manufactured by the best houses in London, which they have just purchased from several noblemen and gentlemen leaving England, under such circumstances as enable them to offer any portion at less than one-third of its original cost. Every article warranted, and the money returned if not approved of.—Principal entrance, 39 Crawford-street, Baker-street.

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12 Table Forks	£ 1 18 0	£ 2 8 0	£ 3 0 0	£ 3 10 0
12 Table Spoons	1 18 0	2 8 0	3 0 0	3 10 0
12 Dessert Forks	1 10 0	1 15 0	2 2 0	2 10 0
12 Dessert Spoons	1 10 0	1 15 0	2 2 0	2 10 0
12 Tea Spoons	0 18 0	1 4 0	1 10 0	1 18 0
3 Eggs Spoons, gilt bowls	0 12 0	0 15 0	0 18 0	1 1 0
2 Sauce Ladles	0 7 0	0 8 0	0 10 0	0 16 0
1 Gravy Spoon	0 7 0	0 9 0	0 12 0	0 16 0
2 Salt Spoons, gilt bowls	0 4 0	0 5 0	0 6 0	0 7 6
1 Mustard Spoon, et. bl.	0 2 0	0 2 6	0 3 0	0 3 9
1 Pair of Sugar Tongs	0 3 0	0 3 9	0 5 0	0 7 0
1 Pair of Fish Carvers	0 4 0	1 7 6	1 12 0	1 18 0
1 Butter Knife	0 3 0	0 5 9	0 7 0	0 8 0
1 Soup Ladle	0 13 0	0 17 6	1 0 0	1 1 0
1 Sugar Sifter	0 4 0	0 4 9	0 5 0	0 8 6
Total	11 14 6	14 11 3	17 14 9	21 4 0

Any article to be had singly at the same prices. An oak chest to contain the above, and a relative number of knives, &c., 21. 18s. Tea and coffee sets, cruet and liqueur frames, waiters, candlesticks, &c., at proportionate prices. All kinds of replating done by the patent process.

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OF

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